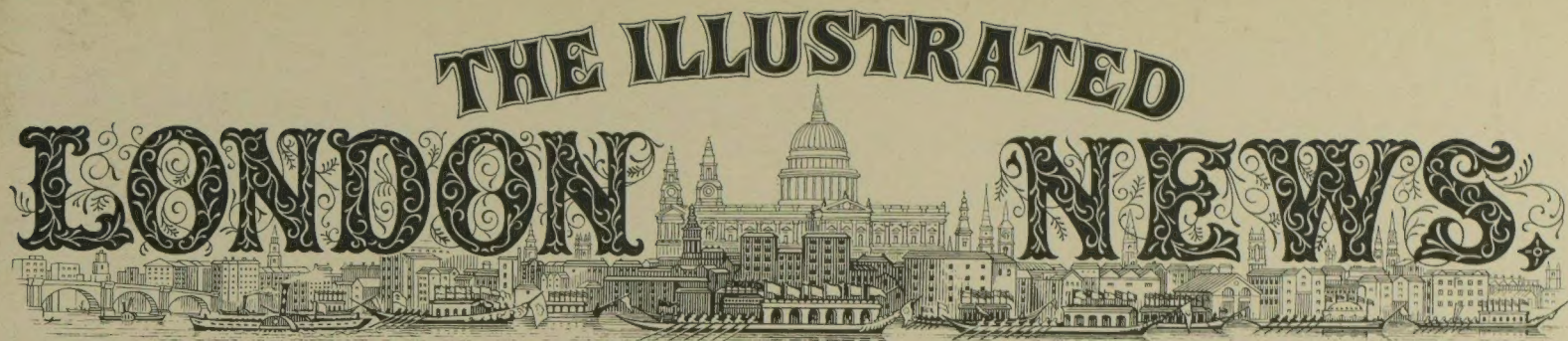


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



DECEMBER 1985

NUMBER 7049 VOLUME 273

£1.30



LONDON'S NEW LANDMARK

Richard Rogers talks about his building for Lloyd's

I LIKE IT HERE

American women take to Britain

THE ROYALS ON TOUR

Photo-reports from two continents

HIGHLIGHTS
Guide to what's on
in London



Dunhill King Size.

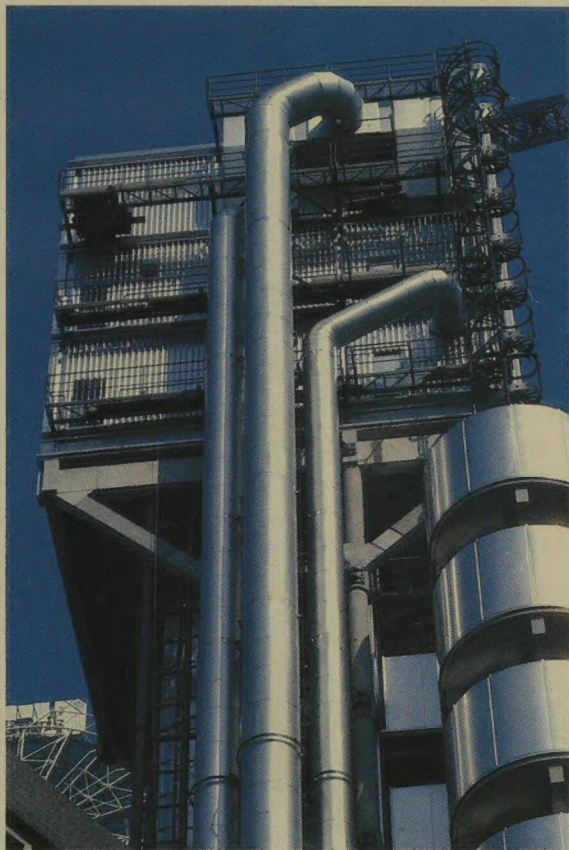
LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government

DANGER: Government Health WARNING:

CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7049 VOLUME 273 DECEMBER 1985



LLOYD'S LOOMS LARGE IN THE CITY 39



CARIBBEAN WELCOME FOR THE QUEEN 24



THE ART OF FALCONRY 54

COVER PHOTOGRAPH The Princess of Wales at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Melbourne, during her recent visit to Australia, by Glenn Harvey of Camera Press.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.
Telephone 01-928 6969.

Editor James Bishop
Deputy Editor Roger Berthoud
Special Projects Editor Alex Finer
Production Editor Margaret Davies
Picture Editor Bryn Campbell
Art Editor Peter Laws
Art Assistant Jo Plent
Sub Editors Joanna Willcox
Ann Williams
Peter Robinson
Editorial Researcher Liz Falla
Archaeology Editor Ann Birchall
Travel Editor David Tennant
Circulation Manager Richard Pitkin
Production Manager John Webster
Advertisement Director Jeffery May
Publisher Tony Price
Proprietor James Sherwood

COMMENT The Royals at work	19
THE ROYAL TOURS	20
COLOMBIA'S TRAGEDY	26
THE LEANING TOWER OF HACKNEY Picture sequence of a failed demolition attempt	28
LONDON NOTEBOOK Capitalism and apartheid by Paul Johnson	35
THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING Roger Berthoud talks to the architect Richard Rogers	39
THE MEDICINES OF TOMORROW Sir John Vane promotes the cause of drug research	46
I LIKE IT HERE Claire Frankel meets fellow American women who live in England	49
THE ART OF THE FALCONER Margaret Laing pursues an ancient sport	54
GREAT BRITISH COMPANIES Carol Kennedy on the Halifax Building Society	60
LONDON MARKETS Edna Lumb's painting of Smithfield	65
December highlights: The month's main events	7
Listings: Selective guide to the arts and entertainment	8
For the record	30
Archaeology: In the tomb of the Nan Yue king by Huang Zhanyue	68
Motoring: Stuart Marshall on the new 200-300 Mercedes-Benz range	70
Reviews: Ballet, Theatre, Opera, Cinema	71
Books: Reviews by Robert Blake, Sally Emerson and others plus the month's best sellers	74
Wine: A toast to Tokay by Michael Broadbent	76
Restaurants: Where disaster rules by Kingsley Amis	77
Hotels: Special interests by Hilary Rubinstein	78
Chess: John Nunn on the Nimzowitsch Memorial Tournament in Denmark	81
Bridge: Perverse results by Jack Marx	82

© 1985 The Illustrated London News & Sketch Ltd. World copyright of all editorial matter, both illustrations and text, is strictly reserved. Colour transparencies and other material submitted to *The Illustrated London News* are sent at their owners' risk and, while every care is taken, neither *The Illustrated London News* nor its agents accept any liability for loss or damage. ISSN number: 0019-2422

Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription. Please send orders, for subscriptions and address corrections to: ILN Subscription Department, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR. Telephone 0858 34567.

USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 (\$29), USA/Europe £25 (\$37), Canada £25 (\$42), rest of the world £28 (\$42).

Someday man will look back and ask 'How on earth did anyone get those giant slabs in place...under the TV set?'

'How was the sheer weight carried all the way home...from the showroom?'

Such remarks we fully believe will be common truck once you've been exposed to a very recent phenomenon.

**DIGITAL VIDEO 8.
STEREOPHONIC, NOT
MONOLITHIC.**

The Sony Video 8 format.

Within it, there's a totally new type of video deck.

The EVS 700.

It's the world's first 8mm home video unit to incorporate PCM (Pulse Code Modulated) digital stereo.

To understand how that works, you first have to understand how Video 8 works.

Each tiny tape (less than half the size of the old video tapes) can carry up to 6 tracks.

When you shoot a home video, say with a Sony V8 Camcorder, 5 of those tracks are used. Leaving one free for something quite extraordinary.

Using an EVS 700 deck you can record digital stereo sound on that 6th track.

Take a tape you've just shot, for instance, and enhance it by adding a brand new sound track. (Your kid's fourth birthday to Beethoven's Fifth?)

When there's one of those simultaneous TV and FM stereo broadcasts, the deck will record a perfect picture with a sound quality that'll virtually match the original master.

Alternatively, use it purely as an audio deck and it can lay down a colossal 12 hours of digital stereo music on one little tape. (2 hours on each of the 6 tracks.)

Switch to LP mode and you can push that up to 24 hours of digital stereo sound.

The entire works of just about any musician you fancy.

No cassette deck in the world can do anything like as much. And because the EVS 700 measures a slim 355mm across, it'll fill any cassette deck's gap in a midi Hi-Fi stack.

All this and we haven't even mentioned its abilities as a video unit. Abso-blinking-lutely incredible.

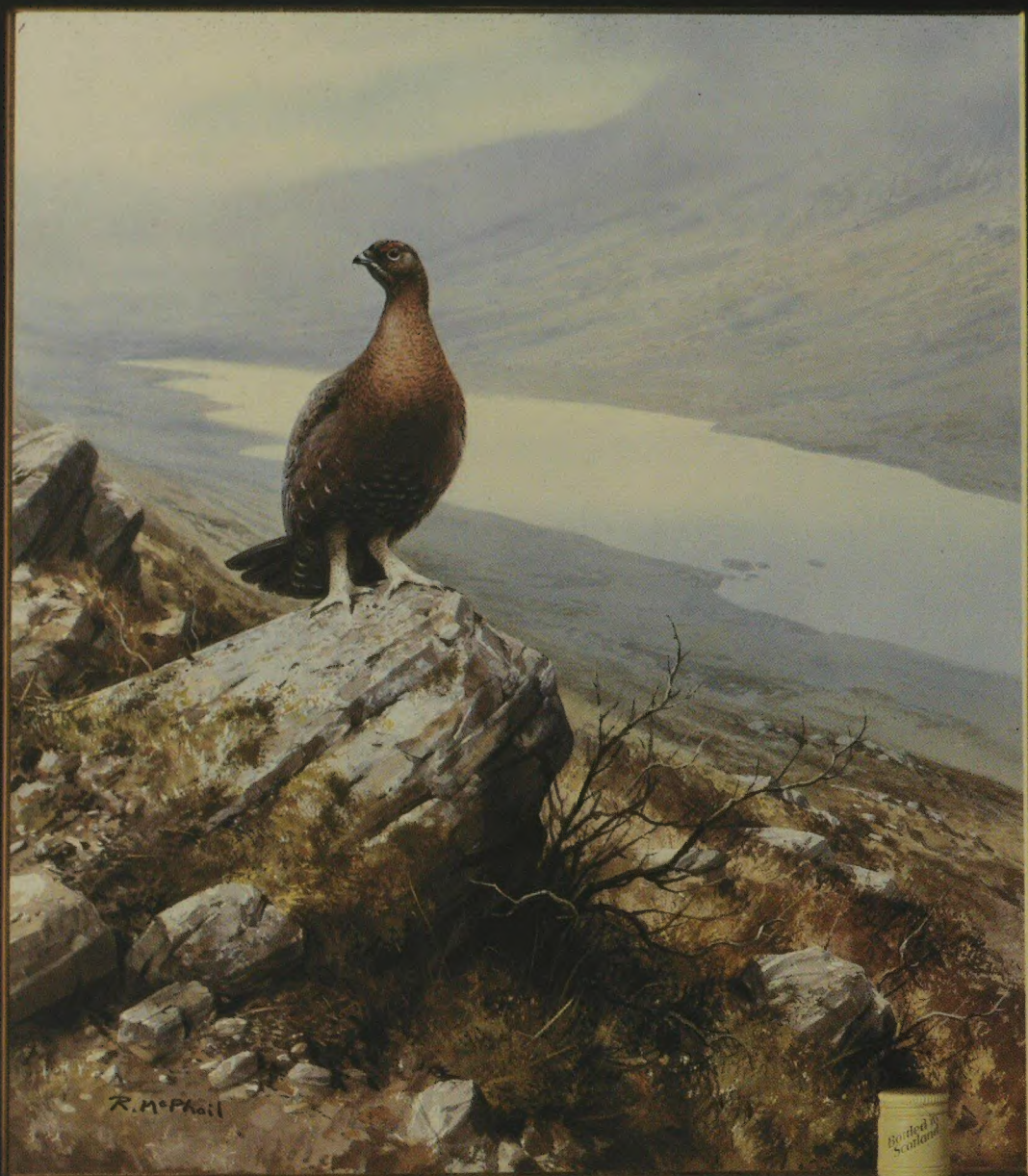
3 week, 6 event timer. Auto play, rewind and tape return. Infra-red remote control. Noiseless slow motion. Freeze frame. Picture search. Flying erase head. The entire works.

We can honestly say the EVS 700 is a stereophonic monument to modern technology. Worship one at a Sony showroom near you.

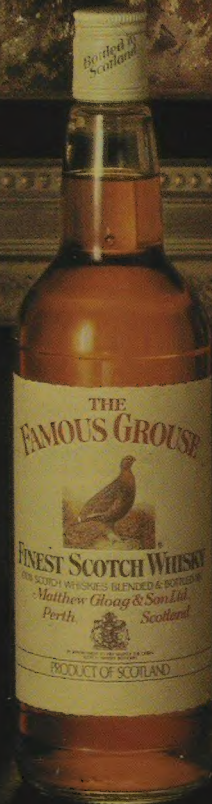
Video 8

SONY VIDEO 8. "THE NEW STANDARD."





THE FAMOUS GROUSE
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN-SCOTLAND. NOTED FOR
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE



Quality in an age of change.

HIGHLIGHTS

Sunday, December 1

Advent Sunday, the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. Church services include a carol service at Westminster Abbey (3pm) and carol service and lighting of trees at St Paul's (6.30pm).

Monday, December 2

Provincial general election in Québec. Pierre-Marc Johnson, the new leader of the ruling Parti Québécois, tests the reaction of the province's six million French-speakers to his rejection of their campaign for independence.

Royal Smithfield Show of agriculture and livestock begins at Earls Court (10am-5pm, until 5).

Tuesday, December 3

The Queen visits the Independent Broadcasting Authority on its 30th anniversary.

Royal charity film première of *Back to the Future*, produced by Steven Spielberg and directed by Robert Zemeckis, at the Empire, Leicester Square, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Scottish Opera at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool, for one week. Programme includes *The Magic Flute* and *Oberon*.

Wednesday, December 4

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh dine with the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street, to celebrate the building's 250th anniversary as the PM's residence.

Peter Shaffer's new play *Yonadab* opens at the Olivier Theatre starring Alan Bates.

Britain's yacht for the America's Cup is named by the Princess of Wales on the River Hamble in Hampshire.

Jonathan Miller's new production of *Don Giovanni*, conducted by Mark Elder, opens at the Coliseum.

Friday, December 6

A bottle of 1787 Château Lafite bearing the initials of the US President Thomas Jefferson goes up for sale at Christie's.

Saturday, December 7

The 84th National Cat Club championship show at the National Hall, Olympia, (10.30am-5.30pm). Tickets £2.

Tuesday, December 10

Oxford v Cambridge rugby, Twickenham (2pm).

Handel's Messiah sung at St Paul's by the cathedral choir (6pm).

Scottish Opera at the Apollo Theatre, Oxford, for one week. Programme includes *Orlando* and *La Vie Parisienne*.

Grouse shooting ends.

Wednesday, December 11

Oxford v Cambridge soccer, Wembley Stadium (2.15pm).

First night of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, with Donald Sinden (Chichester Theatre production).



BRITISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Christmas trees in many London squares herald the start of the festive season. Carol services begin on Advent Sunday and reach their peak with the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at King's College, Cambridge, broadcast on Christmas Eve, while productions of Messiah proliferate throughout the month. Winter sales begin on December 27.

Thursday, December 12

Christmas tree lights switched on in Trafalgar Square.

1985 Olympia International Show-jumping Championships (until 16).

Stratford production of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* opens at the Barbican with Juliet Stevenson as Rosalind and Nicky Henson as Touchstone (7.30pm).

New moon rises at 12.54am.

Friday, December 13

Deadline for the National Galleries of Scotland to keep Andrea Mantegna's *Adoration of the Magi* in Britain (the painting was bought for £8,247,500 by the J. Paul Getty Museum in April).

RSC production of *Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens begins previewing at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford.

Exhibition on the architect Adolf Loos opens at the ICA.

Saturday, December 14

Handel's Messiah performed by the St Martin-in-the-Fields Chamber Choir and Orchestra at the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields (7pm).

Sunday, December 15

Handel's Messiah performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus at the Royal Festival Hall (3.15pm).

Monday, December 16

Welsh National Opera at the Dominion

Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, for one week, with *Rigoletto*, *Così fan tutte* and *Madam Butterfly*.

Princess Anne opens the Charing Cross Medical Research Centre at Hammersmith.

Last Christmas posting date for inland UK parcels and second class letters.

Charles Mackerras conducts *Julius Caesar* at the Coliseum, with Valerie Masterson as Cleopatra and Christopher Robson in the title role.

Wednesday, December 18

Awards to Children of Courage are presented by the Princess of Wales in Westminster Abbey.

Judy, a musical version of the life of Judy Garland, opens at the Greenwich Theatre.

Last Christmas posting date for inland UK first class letters.

Friday, December 20

Bonnie Langford stars in *Peter Pan—The Musical* which opens at the Aldwych.

West Germany plays Sweden at tennis in the final of the Davis Cup international for men's teams at Düsseldorf (until 22).

Saturday, December 21

Shortest day.

Plácido Domingo gives a concert at Wembley Conference Centre in aid of the Mexican earthquake victims (also 22).

Monday, December 23

Cinderella, with Des O'Connor and Paul

Nicholas, and Anna Neagle as the Fairy Godmother, opens at the London Palladium.

Tuesday, December 24

Christmas Eve.

The Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols from King's College, Cambridge, on Radio 4 at 3pm. Carols and blessing the crib at St Paul's (4pm).

Midnight service at St Paul's (11.30pm), midnight Eucharist at Westminster Abbey (11.30pm).

Wednesday, December 25

Christmas Day.

The Queen's annual Christmas message to the peoples of the Commonwealth and the Pope's address from the balcony of St Peter's are broadcast during the day.

Holy Communion (8am) and Choral Festal Evensong sung by the abbey school choir (3pm) at Westminster Abbey and Choral Matins (10.30am) and Choral Evensong (3.15pm) at St Paul's.

Thursday, December 26

Boxing Day.

Horse racing at Kempton Park including the King George VI Steeplechase.

The Nutcracker, performed by London Festival Ballet, opens at the Royal Festival Hall (7.30pm).

Friday, December 27

Sales begin at Barker's, Dickins & Jones, D. H. Evans, Heal's, Jaeger, Liberty, Selfridges and Simpson's.

Roald Dahl reads from his children's books at the Lyttelton Theatre (6pm).

Full moon rises at 7.30am.

Monday, December 30

Sale begins at Peter Jones.

Tuesday, December 31

New Year's Eve.

Watchnight services at St Paul's and Westminster Abbey at 11.30pm.

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

- ★★ Highly recommended
- ★ Good of its kind
- ☹ Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

★Animal Farm

Peter Hall's exciting production gives us everything from the take-over of Manor Farm to the ultimate triumph of the formidable pigs. Barrie Rutter is a Stalinesque Napoleon. Until Dec 9. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Are You Lonesome Tonight?

Alan Bleasdale's loyal effort to rescue Elvis Presley's posthumous reputation does not work very well. Still, fans will see their hero (acted by Martin Shaw) in decline, & hear some celebrated numbers sung by Simon Bowman. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 836 2294). REVIEWED OCT, 1985.

★Barnum

Whether the great American showman was as gymnastic as this we shall never know; but Michael Crawford almost persuades us. The musical is a good synopsis of Barnum's weird career. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

Camille

The newest version of the Dumas story, by Pam Gems, has Frances Barber to lead a cast from the RSC in a production much applauded on its studio production at Stratford. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

Cats

Although nobody has suggested that T. S. Eliot's cat poems are among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

★★A Chorus of Disapproval

Alan Ayckbourn explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted, surprisingly, from Crook-Fingered Jack to Captain Macheath in an amateur production of *The Beggar's Opera*. The progress of the opera has been cunningly woven into his private life. Splendidly played by Bob Peck (as the diffident tyro) & Michael Gambon (as a hurricane of a Welsh director). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★Daisy Pulls It Off

Denise Deegan's topping school story is precisely the kind of piece (though with tongue in cheek) that Angela Brazil might have writ-

ten. David Gilmore's production gets funnier with the years. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc). REVIEWED JUNE, 1983.

The Dragon's Tail

Though her technique is unmarred, Penelope Keith in Douglas Watkinson's rather tepid comedy is less amusingly dragonish than we might have expected. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

The Duchess of Malfi

Philip Prowse's treatment of John Webster's Jacobean tragedy is so rightly atmospheric that one wishes he had thought more of the sound. Ian McKellen's Bosola, grimly dominant, shows how verse & prose should be spoken. Lyttelton. REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

Evita

The fact that Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama is moving towards its end may seem like advance news of an ancient monument crumbling; but it will be with us a little longer yet. Until Feb. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499). REVIEWED AUG, 1978.

Fatal Attraction

Thriller by Bernard Slade, with Susannah York & Denis Quilley. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

★42nd Street

An American showbusiness musical that is an admirable example of high-g geared professionalism. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

Gigi

An unfussed production of the Lerner-&Loewe musical in which the adolescent Gigi must learn what is expected of her in a Parisian family with a dubious tradition. Amanda Waring plays her winningly, surrounded by such people as Siân Phillips, Beryl Reid & Jean-Pierre Aumont. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc 434 1550).

★Guys & Dolls

No one rocks the boat dangerously in this National Theatre revival of the Broadway classic musical, score by Frank Loesser. The performances of Lulu, Norman Rossington & David Healy—but why be selective?—would



Donald Sinden (pictured above with Joanna McCallum) brings to the part of "that demmed elusive Pimpernel" the panache and sense of enjoyment necessary for Sir Percy's mixture of nonchalance and daring. *The Scarlet Pimpernel* opens at Her Majesty's on December 11.

have much cheered Damon Runyon. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

Interpreters

New play by Ronald Harwood, directed by Peter Yates. Maggie Smith & Edward Fox play English & Russian interpreters involved in diplomats' meetings to arrange a visit by Russian officials to England. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Lennon

Bob Eaton's play about the life of John Lennon, with Mark McGann & Jonathan Barlow as the singer in early & later life. Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (734 4287, cc).

★Love for Love

William Congreve's play, with Michael Bryant, Tim Curry, Neil Darglish, Sara Kestelman & Stephen Moore. Lyttelton. REVIEWED ON P71.

★Les Misérables

This elaborate music-drama, derived from a French production, is remarkable, as much as anything, for the craft of its directors, Trevor Nunn & John Caird of the RSC, who bring the Hugo novel spectacularly to life. Splendid singing by Colm Wilkinson & Patti LuPone. Transfers from the Barbican on Dec 4. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years,

seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column, but there must ever be people seeing it, gratified, for the first time. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★Mrs Warren's Profession

Shaw's third play, banned from the public stage in Britain for so long, remains strongly theatrical after more than 90 years. There could hardly be more persuasive performances of Mrs Warren, the international bordello-keeper, & her alarming New Woman daughter, than those by Joan Plowright & Jessica Turner. Lyttelton.

★Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce—which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour—may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

Phedra

It is unusual, to say the least, for Jean Racine to have a West End run; but here, in Robert David Macdonald's translation, *Phèdre*, which was at the Old Vic last winter, has some special qualities. Glenda Jackson acts the title-part. Until Dec 14. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233).

Pravda

In spite of its name, Howard Brenton & David Hare call it "a Fleet Street comedy". No miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

★The Real Inspector Hound/The Critic

A grand double bill. Tom Stoppard's play, in which two drama critics find themselves involved with the action on stage, partners Sheridan's seldom-revived comedy, which has a particularly fine performance by Ian McKellen as Mr Puff. Olivier.

★Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at *matinée* times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

★Two Into One

Ray Cooney's grand farce with Michael Williams, Anton Rodgers & Kathy Staff, replaced from Dec 23 by John Thaw, Daniel Massey & Seretta Wilson. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED DEC, 1984.

FIRST NIGHTS

As You Like It

Juliet Stevenson's Rosalind overcomes the curiosities of an unexpected production recently seen at Stratford, played against a background of superfluous dust-sheets. Opens Dec 12. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

The Cherry Orchard

Mike Alfreds directs Chekhov's play, in a new translation by himself & Lilia Sokolov. The cast includes Eleanor Bron, Sheila Hancock,

Ian McKellen & Edward Petherbridge. Opens Dec 10. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Road to Mecca

Yvonne Bryceland, Charlotte Cornwell & Bob Peck return with Athol Fugard's semi-poetic portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress. Opens Dec 16. Cottesloe.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

"They seek him here, they seek him there, those Frenchies seek him everywhere. . . ." Donald Sinden plays the Scarlet Pimpernel with great zest in Beverley Cross's version of the Orzcy adventure, brought up from the Chichester Festival. Opens Dec 11. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Yonadab

Alan Bates, Wendy Morgan & Leigh Lawson in Peter Shaffer's new play, the story of a scandalous rape in Jerusalem in 1000 BC. Opens Dec 4. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

FOR CHILDREN

Beauty & the Beast

Joely Richardson & Jack Klaff in a new version of the fairy tale. Dec 17-Jan 25. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Charavari

The Trickster Theatre Company take inspiration from pantomime, vaudeville & circus to create human pyramids, stilt creatures & exuberant acrobatics. Dec 16-Jan 4. The Place, Dukes Rd, WC1 (387 0031).

Cinderella

Des O'Connor & Paul Nicholas top the bill, with Anna Neagle as the Fairy Godmother. Dec 23-Feb 22. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

Dracula or Out For the Count

Charles McKeown's Christmas show has Tim Flavin as Dracula & Sylvester McCoy as the spider-eating Renfield. Dec 16-Feb 1. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

The Gingerbread Man

David Wood's ever-popular musical for younger children. Dec 26-Jan 11, morning & afternoon performances. Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1 (387 3363, cc 380 1453).

Jack & the Beanstalk

Matthew Kelly & Vicky Licorish in this year's pantomime. Dec 5-Jan 4. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394).

The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe

Play for children, based on C. S. Lewis's celebrated story about the land of Narnia. Until Jan 11. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc).

Meg & Mog

Sarah Greene plays the eccentric witch in David Wood's musical play for five-year-olds upwards, based on the books of Jan Pienkowski. Until Jan 26. Unicorn, Great Newport St, WC2 (836 3334).

The Mr Men Musical

Messrs Happy, Bump, Nosey & Clever, together with the Misses Splendid, Shy & Naughty, & many of Roger Hargreaves's other creations should delight younger children. Morning & afternoon performances, including Sundays at 3.30pm. Dec 3-Jan 18. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

Peter Pan—the Musical

Bonnie Langford takes the title role in a new version of J. M. Barrie's much-loved play. Dec 20-Mar 1. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

Agony (PG)

Russian film, made in 1975 but not allowed to be shown abroad until now, about the rise & fall of Rasputin. Opens Nov 28. Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443); Chelsea Cinema, King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc).

★Back to the Future (PG)

Michael J. Fox plays a young man transported back 30 years to 1955, where he meets two teenagers who will one day become his parents. Opens Dec 4. Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of the Prince's Trust, Dec 3. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234). REVIEW ON P 72.

★Colonel Redl (15)

Istvan Szabo's new film is based on John Osborne's *A Patriot For Me*. Klaus-Maria Brandauer plays the lead in a story of homosexual scandal in the Austro-Hungarian army.

★★The Emerald Forest (15)

John Boorman's ambitious & breathtaking film about a dam engineer who loses his little son to Amazon Indians, only to find him 10 years later completely integrated with the tribe, is a beautiful, moving & epic achievement. REVIEWED NOV, 1985.

The Goonies (PG)

Richard Donner directs a story from Steven Spielberg about a bunch of teenagers on the Californian coast who unmask a gang of crooks, find a treasure map, a mutant, an underground booby-trapped labyrinth & a 17th-century pirate ship. Great fun, but exhausting. Opens Nov 29. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791).

King Solomon's Mines (PG)

Richard Chamberlain plays the adventurer Allan Quatermain in J. Lee Thompson's film, based on the Rider Haggard novel. Opens Dec 20. Classic, Haymarket, W1 (839 1527); Prince Charles, Leicester Pl, WC2 (437 8181).

★Legend (PG)

Ridley Scott's new film about a princess who falls into the clutches of Darkness, personified by Tim Curry. Opens Dec 6. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252). REVIEW ON P 72.

★Letter to Brezhnev (15)

A girl falls in love with a Russian seaman visiting Liverpool & decides to marry him, but faces opposition from parents, friends, the Press & the authorities, all incredulous that she should want to leave Merseyside for the hardships of the Soviet Union. Chris Bernard's comedy, made on a tiny budget, heralds a new Scouse school of film-making, steeped in black humour.

★Mishima (15)

Paul Schrader's film, made in Japan in Japanese, fuses various styles effectively, in itself becoming a metaphor for the duality of Mishima, a writer & contender for a Nobel prize for literature in the 1960s, unable to reconcile Western philosophies with traditional culture, militarism & religion. The story is told in stylized flashbacks during the last day of his life. A brilliant film with a com-

elling performance by Ken Ogata.

★My Beautiful Laundrette (15)

A delightful comedy by Stephen Frears about upwardly-mobile Pakistanis in darkest Battersea, in which a young man, encouraged by a prosperous uncle, adopts & transforms a dowdy laundrette into a haven of luxury. Daniel Day Lewis is outstanding as a white working-class yobbo friend.

Nineteen Nineteen (15)

Paul Scofield & Maria Schell play two former patients of Freud who, meeting in the present, discuss the effectiveness of their analysis & what led to it. Opens Dec 6. Curzon Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737, cc).

★Plenty (15)

A perfectly modulated performance from Meryl Streep as the middle-class English girl plunged into wartime France as a secret agent, whose post-war life is anticlimactic & an inevitable failure. David Hare has adapted his own stage play for the film, directed by Fred Schepisi. REVIEWED NOV, 1985.

★★Prizzi's Honour (15)

Welcome black comedy by John Huston, with excellent performances by Jack Nicholson as a respected Mafia enforcer & Kathleen Turner as a professional hitwoman who, after becoming his wife, is given a contract to kill him. REVIEWED OCT, 1985.

Santa Claus—The Movie (U)

David Huddleston plays a man named Claus who makes toys for the local children at Christmas. Dudley Moore, as leader of the elves, spirits him off to the North Pole to work.

The Supergrass (15)

A feature film début for that jokey ensemble, The Comic Strip. An artless lad spends a holiday with two police officers, one (Jennifer Saunders) pretending to be his girlfriend to the jealous fury of the other (Peter Richardson), while they supposedly attempt to crack a drugs ring. Robbie Coltrane, Alexei Sayle, Daniel Peacock & Dawn French are among the large, & generally funny, cast.

Tuff Turf (18)

Fritz Kirsch's film is about a boy (James Spader) who, arriving at a new school in Los Angeles, falls in love with the girlfriend of a school gangleader. Opens Dec 6. Classic, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

Turtle Diary (PG)

Glenda Jackson & Ben Kingsley play a couple who meet during regular visits to the turtle aquarium at London Zoo. They evolve a plan to release the creatures into the sea. Opens Dec 1. Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805).

A Zed & Two Noughts (18)

Peter Greenaway, who made *The Draughtsman's Contract*, offers another talking point in this bizarre film. Opens Dec 5. Lumière, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691).

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

Classic Japanese Films 1935-84

A season of 30 films, representing work by most of Japan's great film directors. Nov 30-Jan 12. Cinema 2, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). ➡➡

Tough at the top, isn't it?



But you've earned it.

We have too. By combining value for money with the highest of standards, Holiday Inn® hotels have become number one worldwide.

It's also because we understand the pressures on the businessman and his lifestyle. And because we understand, we've made sure that every Holiday Inn hotel is of the highest executive standard. From spacious, well-equipped rooms to pools,* excellent restaurants and relaxing bars.

These executive standards are standard. And all hotels are within easy access of airports, motorways or city centres. We've set our standards and they don't vary.

After all, it may be tough at the top, but as you know, it's the only place to be.

A better place to be™



Reservations made easy.

You can book a room at any Holiday Inn® hotel in the U.K., or worldwide, simply by calling your local Holiday Inn hotel. It takes just seconds for a reservation to be confirmed.

In the U.K. there are 16 Holiday Inn hotels.

Aberdeen Airport
0224 770011

Birmingham
021 643 2766

Bristol
0272 294281

Glasgow
041 226 5577

Leicester
0555 551161

Liverpool
051 709 0181

London-Chelsea
01 235 4377

London-Croydon
01 680 9200

London-Heathrow
0895 445555

London-Marble Arch
01 723 1277

London-Mayfair
01 493 8282

London-Slough/Windsor
0753 442444

London-Swiss Cottage
01 722 7711

Newcastle-upon-Tyne
0632 365432

Plymouth
0752 662866

Portsmouth
0705 383151

MUSIC

Albert Hall
Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

English Baroque Choir, London Oriana Choir. Leon Lovett conducts massed choirs in an afternoon concert of children's carols and an evening performance of carols for Christmas. Dec 7, 3pm & 7.30pm.

Back Choir, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble. David Willcocks conducts family carols for choir & audience. Dec 8, 15, 2.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir. Owain Arwel Hughes conducts Messiah, with Sheila Armstrong, soprano, Bernadette Greany, mezzo-soprano, John Graham Hall, tenor, John Ransley, baritone. Dec 8, 7.30pm.

St Bartholomew's Hospital Choral Society, Philharmonia Orchestra. Robert Anderson conducts Verdi's Requiem, with Anne Evans, soprano, Maureen Guy, contralto, John Mitchinson, tenor, Raimund Hericks, bass. Dec 10, 7.30pm.

London Oriana Choir, English Baroque Choir. Leon Lovett conducts Christmas music from medieval times to the present day. Dec 13, 3pm & 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Alberto Portugeth conducts a concert performance of Samson & Dalila, sung in French, with Gary Lakes, tenor, & Sirry Ella Magnus, mezzo-soprano. Dec 17, 7.30pm.

Goldsmiths' Choral Union. Carols conducted by Brian Wright. Dec 18, 7pm.

Royal Choral Society. Traditional family carols conducted by Lesley Hetley. Dec 20, 7.30pm. Dec 21, 2.30pm & 7.30pm.

Alexandra Choir, Southern Sinfonietta. Carols conducted by David Hill. Dec 22, 7.30pm.

BARBICAN
SBS, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

City of London Sinfonia, Choir of New College, Oxford. Poulenc's Christmas Motets & Cantatas Nos 1 & 2 from Bach's Christmas Oratorio. Dec 6, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Favourite works by Bach, Haydn & Handel, conducted from the violin by José-Luis Garcia. Dec 7, 4.55pm.

London Concert Orchestra. Robert Ziegler conducts popular works by Offenbach, Waldteufel, Strauss, Mozart, Saint-Saëns, Dvořák, Tchaikovsky. Dec 10, 7.45pm.

Goldsmiths' Choral Union. Brian Wright conducts carols for choir & audience, with Elizabeth Harwood, soprano. Dec 11, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Raffaello Monterosso conducts Bellini's I Puritani in the version written for Maria Malibran. Dec 14, 7.30pm.

ISO Chorus & the King's Singers. Richard Hickox conducts four family Christmas concerts which include carols for chorus & audience. Dec 17, 18, 19, 20, 7pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, London Oriana Choir. Arthur Davison conducts popular works by Humperdinck, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mozart, Strauss, Chopin, Liszt, Tchaikovsky. Dec 21, 3.30pm & 7.45pm.

City of London Sinfonia, Richard Hickox Singers. Richard Hickox conducts Handel's Messiah, with Valerie Masterson, soprano, James Bowman, counter-tenor, Martyn Hill, tenor, Stephen Roberts, baritone. Dec 22, 7pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Tallis Chamber Choir. Kiril Te Kanawa takes part in Christmas music old & new conducted by Carl Davis. Dec 23, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL
South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Jorge Bolet, piano. A recital of music by Liszt, Schumann & Chopin. Dec 1, 3.15pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir. Christopher Randel conducts an all-Stravinsky programme. Dec 2, 7.30pm. He also conducts Berg's Violin Concerto, with Kyung Wha Chung as soloist, & Rachmaninov's Symphony No 2. Dec 10, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Two further concerts in the Music of Eight Decades series. The first includes the world premiere of Turk Hiller's Piano Concerto, with Peter Donohoe as soloist. Dec 3, 7.30pm. The second includes the world premiere of In the Dark Time by David Matthews. Dec 11, 7.30pm.

Marie-Claire Alain, organ. An all-Bach programme in conclude this year's tercentenary celebrations. Dec 4, 5.55pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Antal Dorati conducts two all-Beethoven programmes, with Vladimir Ashkenazy as soloist in the Piano Concerto Nos 3 & 4. Dec 5, 9, 7.30pm.

Goldsmiths' Choral Union. Brian Wright conducts carols for choir & audience. Dec 8, 3.15pm & 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, Choir of St John's College, Cambridge. Stephen Cleobury conducts Christmas music & carols. Dec 12, 7.30pm.

Massed Chords of the London Hospitals. Faust. Final performance of the new production, in which Dawson now singing Marguerite. Dec 3, REVIEW ON P.72.

Don Giovanni. A new production by Jonathan Miller, designed by Philip Prowse, conducted by Mark Elder, with William Simmel singing the title role. Richard Van Allan as Leporello, Josephine Barstow as Donna Anna, Felicity Lott as Donna Elvira, Madsen Davies as Don Ottavio & John Connell as the Commendatore. Dec 4, 7, 12, 14, 18, 21, 27.

Kátya Kabanová. Conducted by Simon Rattle, with Eileen Hannan as Kátya, John Trevelyan as Boris & Kenneth Woolf as Tikhon. Dec 6, 11.

Julius Caesar. Charles Mackerras conducts this revival of John Copley's production, with the title role now sung by the counter-tenor Christopher Robson & Cleopatra by Valerie Masterson. Dec 16, 20, 28, 31.

OPERA NORTH
Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459551/449071, cc). Dec 19-Jan 25.

La fanciulla del West. Puccini's Wild West opera, produced by David Pountney, is sung in Italian with English surtitles & conducted by David Lloyd-Jones. Minnie is sung by Mary Jane Johnson, Dick Johnson by John Trevelyan, Jack Rance by Malcolm Donnelly. Dec 19, 21, 27, Jan 2.

The Golden Cockerel. Rimsky-Korsakov's last & best known opera, in an English version by Stephen Oliver, is conducted by Alexander Rahbari, with Elizabeth Gale as the Queen of Shekmalda, Browen Mink as the Golden Cockerel & John Winfield as the Astrologer. Dec 20, 23, 28, Jan 9, 11.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

La fanciulla del West. John Mauceri conducts Puccini's opera set in the Californian gold rush, with Mara Zampieri as →

OPERA continued

Minnie, Nicola Martinucci as Dick Johnson & Alain Fondary as Jack Rance. Dec 5, 7, 10.

Le nozze di Figaro. Jonathan Summers, Yvonne Kenny & Anna Tomowa-Sintow sing Figaro, Susanna & Countess Almaviva for the first time at Covent Garden & the American baritone J. Patrick Raftery & the Swedish mezzo-soprano Anne Sofie von Otter make their Royal Opera débuts as Count Almaviva & Cherubino. Dec 9, 12, 18, 21, 28, 31.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (580 9562, cc 323 1576). Dec 17-21.

Rigoletto. Lucian Pintilie's production which updates the action to Victorian times, sung by Dennis O'Neill as the Duke of Mantua, Anne Williams-King as Gilda & the Rumanian bass Eduard Tumagian as Rigoletto. Richard Armstrong conducts. Dec 17, 20.

Così fan tutte. The first British production by Liviu Ciulei, with designs by Radu & Miruna Boruzescu. Fiordiligi & Dorabella are sung by Elaine Woods & Delia Wallis; Fernando & Guglielmo by Laurence Dale & Mark Holland. György Fischer conducts. Dec 18, 21.

Madam Butterfly. Rosamund Illing sings the title role with Arthur Davies as Pinkerton in Joachim Herz's production. Dec 19.

BALLET

LONDON CITY BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Gala performance in the presence of the Princess of Wales. Triple bill: a new Wayne Sleep ballet, Prokofy's one-act *Romeo & Juliet*, Jack Carter's *Quodlibet*. Dec 15.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Three programmes, to include London première of Bannerman's tribute to D. H. Lawrence, *Shadows in the Sun* (Dec 10), & first London performance by the company of Robbins's *Moves* (Dec 3). Dec 3-21.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). Dec 26-Jan 15.

The Nutcracker, the oldest production on show in Britain at the moment; it creaks a bit but the kids love it.

Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595, cc 0752 267222). Dec 2-7. Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc). Dec 9-14.

Coppélia, Ronald Hynd's production, premièred in July, danced in an over-decorated set by Desmond Heeley & with a strange infernal machine dominating the enchantment of Act II.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

The Sleeping Beauty, choreography Petipa & Ashton, music Tchaikovsky. The linchpin of RB's repertory in a generally satisfactory production supervised by Ninette de Valois. Dec 2, 3, 6, 11.

Giselle, new production of the Romantic classic by Peter Wright with designs by John F. MacFarlane. Dec 4, 13, 19, 28 (1.30pm).

The Nutcracker, in Peter Wright's production, is short on magic & loses interest in little Clara after the transformation scene. The designs by Julia Trevelyan Oman are sugar-pretty. Dec 14 (2.30pm & 7.30pm),

16, 17, 20, 23, 26 (2.30pm & 7.30pm), 30.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc). Dec 31-Jan 11.

Les Patineurs/Petrushka/Paquita; Coppélia; new ballets by Susan Crow & Graham Lustig/**The Wand of Youth** (REVIEWED NOV, 1985)/**Flowers of the Forest; Choros/Card Game**.

Gaumont, Southampton (0703 229771/2/3, cc). Dec 2-7.

Swan Lake; Paquita/The Lady & the Fool/Card Game.

Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0323 36363). Dec 9-14.

Swan Lake; The Lady & the Fool/Paquita/new ballets by Crow & Lustig.

SCOTTISH BALLET

Playhouse, Edinburgh (031-557 2590, cc). Dec 18-21. Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000). Dec 23-Jan 11.

The Nutcracker, Peter Darrell's production, designs by Philip Prowse—a Christmas treat for all dance-lovers.

SPORT

DARTS

Winmau World Championships, Rainbow Suite, Derry St, W8. Dec 6, 7.

British Open, Rainbow Suite. Dec 27, 28.

As long ago as 1976 darts officially superseded fishing as Britain's most popular sporting pastime. Pubs have always cherished the game & most of this month's stars like John Lowe, a former joiner, learnt the game alongside the public bar. However, the formidable Eric Bristow was still under 14 when he banged away at the board behind his bedroom door in London with his dad's set of old 22 gram brass darts.

EQUESTRIANISM

Olympia International Showjumping Championships, Olympia, W14. Dec 12-16.

The Christmas gala is invariably the best showjumping fun of the year. I took a little niece once &, through her shrieks of glee, the late Caroline Bradley advised her not only to keep cheering for David Broome or Harvey Smith but also to concentrate on what they were doing with their hands & legs. "A little kick or squeeze or pat . . . & see how they keep their horses on the bit & balanced all the time." This year we are hoping that that same little girl will herself be taking part in the fiesta.

HORSE RACING

King George VI Steeplechase, Kempton Park. Dec 26.

Boxing Day meetings at Wincanton, Somerset; Wolverhampton, W Midlands; Wetherby, W Yorks; Market Rasen, Lincs.

The traditional meeting at Kempton Park is one of the highlights of the year. Even the un-horsey set might enjoy this or one of the other National Hunt meetings on Boxing Day.

SNOOKER

Hofmeister World Doubles, Derngate Centre, Northampton. Dec 6-15.

Kit-Kat Break for World Champions, East Midlands Conference Centre, Nottingham. Dec 17-20.

In each of the last three years Steve Davis has been the highest-earning sportsman in Britain. He remains beatable, but only just. As his chivalrous rival, Terry Griffiths, says, "Steve's technique remains almost perfect. Once his rhythm starts & you realize he is on automatic pilot, & the frames begin to be

reeled off, the only hope is to play well enough to break the cocoon & sow just one seed of uncertainty in his mind."

TENNIS

Davis Cup final, W Germany v Sweden (men's international team competition), Düsseldorf, W Germany. Dec 20-22.

Twenty years ago both the nations contesting the 1985 final had far fewer courts than Britain, yet this year Britain played only in the Cup's second division. One reason might be that Sweden now has 1,400 covered courts for a population of only 8.5 million, Britain only 500 for seven times that number.

GALLERIES

THOMAS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176).

German Impressionism & Expressionism from Leicester. The Leicestershire Museum & Art Gallery, thanks chiefly to the influence of the late Hans Hess, & then to a bequest from Dr Rosa Shapiro, the German-Jewish art historian who was a member of *Die Brücke*, has a particularly fine collection of early 20th-century German art, which will be on display as a supplement to the big show at the RA. Until Dec 20. £1.50. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 6.30pm.

ALPINE GALLERY

74 South Audley St, W1 (inquiries 730 3327/272 7915).

Old Master Drawings, Watercolours & French Wallpapers. Art dealers Annabel Popovic & Richard Philp, in a joint exhibition, present some 300 items at prices ranging from £10 to £1,500. Dec 9-14. Mon, Wed 10am-9pm, Tues, Thurs-Sat until 5pm.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521).

Christmas Exhibition. Bazaar atmosphere as etchings, engravings, prints & watercolours are sold, wrapped & replaced while shoppers find their ideal Christmas presents. On one day last year 250 works were bought in just four hours. Prices range from £10 to £500. Dec 10-22. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm (Dec 10 & 12 until 8pm, Dec 11 until 3pm).

BARBICAN CENTRE

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Toki—Tradition in Japan Today. This festival of traditional Japanese culture, encompassing a variety of exhibitions, demonstrates the many techniques being applied by contemporary Japanese artists. In the Art & Concourse Galleries, *Nihonga & Karakuri Ningyō*, the two centrepieces of the festival, show modern Japanese paintings, traditional in style but with traces of Western influence, & ancient Japanese robots & puppets, respectively. Nov 28-Jan 26. £2, concessions £1. Mon-Sat 10am-7.15pm, Sun noon-7.15pm. Complementary foyer exhibitions are *Miracles in Carved Ivory*, artifacts & jewelry by Kōdō Okuda; *Shodō*, an introduction to Japanese calligraphy by Sekishū Katō & the Hissei Group; & *Tokyo Lifestyle*, 50 colour photographs by Tadanori Saitō. Nov 28-Dec 29. Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun & Dec 26, Jan 1 noon-11pm. Closed Dec 24, 25.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

The Human Story: An Extraordinary Journey Through Time. A series of linked sequences which use theatrical sets & audio-visual displays, the exhibition opens with the

creation of the universe & works its way through 35 million years of human history. Until Feb 23. £1, concessions 50p.

Tapestries from the Kingdom of Lesotho. Pictorial tapestries have become an important means of expression in the southern part of black Africa. The techniques used were introduced by Swedish missionaries, & the workshops still find their public mostly among white collectors. The designs are bold & original & reflect both village life & the local flora & fauna. Dec 5-30.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24, 25, Jan 1.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811).

David Watkins: Jewelry & Metal Sculpture. It becomes more & more difficult to separate art from craft. David Watkins has long been known for rather severe metal jewelry; more recently he has made a reputation for architectural commissions, notably chandeliers. A distinguished group of Constructivist sculptures is the centrepiece of this Leeds City Art Gallery/Crafts Council touring exhibition. Until Jan 12. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24, 25.

DESIGN CENTRE

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000).

Light Directions. Lighting viewed as an integral part of the design of a room in the home. Until Dec 18.

Design Review. The Design Centre's stamp of approval—the black & white triangle—is awarded to 1,500 selected products each year. On show are those that have received it in the last 12 months. Until Dec 22.

Mon, Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY

College Rd, SE21 (693 5254).

Introducing Sam Rabin. For the last 35 years Sam Rabin has concentrated on boxing pictures which have earned him the label of the "English Degas". Until Feb 2. 60p, concessions 30p. Tues-Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Homage to Barcelona. A survey of art from Catalonia, from 1888 until the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936. Until Feb 23. FEATURED NOV, 1985.

Torres-Garcia: Grid-Pattern-Sign Paris-Montevideo, 1929-49. One of the very few Latin-American painters to have an impact elsewhere, the Uruguayan Torres-Garcia made a major contribution to European Constructivism. Until Feb 23.

£2.50, concessions & everybody all day Mon, Tues & Wed 6-8pm £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm. Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

Adolf Loos: Architecture. Best remembered for the phrase "Ornament is crime", Adolf Loos was a key figure in the pre-First World War Vienna Secession, & his work marks an important step on the road to the International Modern style in architecture. Dec 13-Jan 19. Tues-Sun noon-9pm. 60p. Closed Dec 24-26.

NICOLA JACOBS GALLERY

9 Cork St, W1 (437 3868).

Ken Kiff: Illustrations for Folk-tales of The British Isles. Ken Kiff belongs to the Neo-Surrealist current now gathering strength in contemporary painting. This ➤➤➤



"Afore ye go"





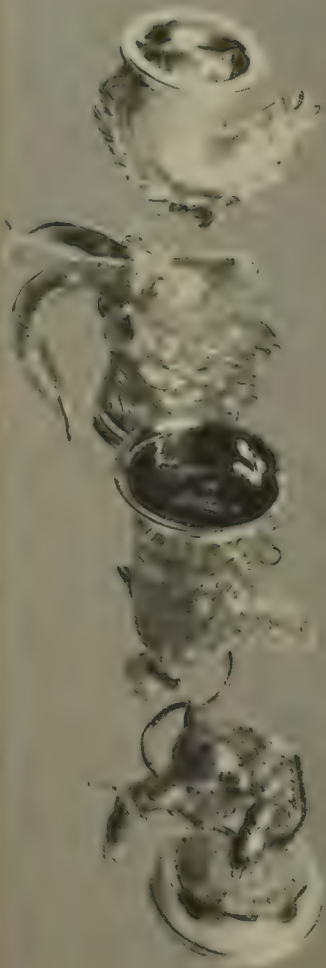
Wartski
ESTABLISHED 1865

14 GRAFTON STREET
LONDON W.1.

Telephones: 01-493 1141-2-3

Old Russian Silver Stirrup-Cups
made in St. Petersburg circa 1865.

Shown greatly reduced in size



Front, a Bear by Samuel Arnd.
Height 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ " (8 cms).
The Dog, height 3" (7.5 cms),
the Ram, height 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ " (7.6 cms),
and the Horse height 3" (7.5 cms)
all by Nichols and Plinke.

Members of the British Antique Dealers
Association

GALLERIES continued

exhibition, inspired by folk-tales, shows his customary mixture of the fantastic & the grotesque, all put down with a very seductive touch. Until Jan 26. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Dec 21-Jan 6.

MARLBOROUGH FINE ART

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161).

R. B. Kitaj, recent oils, pastels & drawings, with some earlier work. Until Dec 20. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 12.30pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Hallelujah! Handel. An exhibition evoking the life & times of the great 18th-century composer, with autograph scores, original musical instruments & models of the royal barges of the day, as well as portraits of Handel & his contemporaries. Until Feb 23. £2, concessions £1.

Stars of the British Screen: From the Thirties to the Present Day. A show of 150 photographic portraits celebrates 50 years of British cinema. Dec 13-Mar 2. 50p, concessions 25p.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

German Art in the 20th Century. Despite some omissions, this survey of 20th-century German art richly shows how Modernism won swift acceptance in pre-Hitlerian Germany, re-emerging amid post-war materialism. Until Dec 22. £3.20, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £2, children £1.60. Daily 10am-6pm. FEATURED OCT, 1985.

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank, SE1 (inquiries 767 4688).

The Obsession of Dance. The Royal Ballet forms the main subject of an exhibition in which American artist Robert Heindel's studies in oil, pastel & crayon of London's leading ballet companies in rehearsal & backstage capture the dancers in moments of dedication & determination, vulnerability & pain. Dec 6-Jan 15. Daily 10am-10pm. Closed Dec 25.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gardens, W2 (402 6075).

Yolanda Sonnabend—Stage & Paintings. Many people think Yolanda Sonnabend is our best living ballet-designer, not least because she has an acute sense of scale & movement. Her paintings are less well known than they should be, & this section of the exhibition should produce a number of discoveries. Until Jan 5. Daily 10am-4pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948). Schwitters was a Dadaist of a very special kind—his collages & assemblages seem to have been made as naturally as a bird sings. He found a magic in unconsidered trifles (discarded bus tickets, for instance) that was accessible to no one else. £2, concessions £1. Until Jan 5. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

RAFAEL VALLS GALLERY

6 Ryder St, SW1 (930 0029).

Trompe l'oeil—Illusion or Reality. 17th to 19th-century *trompe l'oeil* paintings & drawings whose shading & perspective acting as a trick on the eye produce an illusory effect of reality & create an element of surprise. Dec 4-24. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm.



From London Transport's archives of poster art, *River*, above, by Clifford and Rosemary Ellis, 1932, evokes the delights of the countryside, only a trolleybus ride away from the capital. London Transport Museum's Underground Women, an exhibition devoted to designs by women artists for LT over the last 75 years, opens on December 9.

MUSEUMS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415).

Spirit of Christmas with the Christmas Crib. Cribbs old & modern, of which the highlight is a large Neapolitan *presepio*. The exhibition also shows how the figures in the crib—Infant Christ, angels, Wise Men & shepherds—have been interpreted by artists through the ages. Dec 1-Jan 12. Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

Leslie Cole 1910-77: To the Front Line, Paintings of the Second World War. Official war artist, 1942-45, Cole was sent to Malta, France, Greece, Germany & the Far East. His pictures record those undergoing the physical & mental stresses of war. Until Feb 23. Voluntary admission, suggested £1, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, WC2 (379 6344).

Underground Women. The contribution made by women artists over the last 75 years to the design of London Underground posters, moquettes & stations. Dec 9-May 8. £2.20, concessions £1, family ticket £5. Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25, 26.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Ivory, Feathers & Lace. Fans spanning 300 years: some depict London scenes & events, such as a balloon ascent from the City in 1783 & the Green Park firework display of 1749. Dec 17-Apr 27.

Now the War is Over. The optimism & idealism as well as the harsh realities of the years 1945-51. Until Jan 12. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Recent Work by Kevin Coates. Jewels, goldsmiths' work & small sculptures by an artist who revives the mythological & symbolic concerns of his Renaissance predecessors. Until Jan 9. Voluntary admission, suggested £2, concessions 50p. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

LECTURES

DILETTANTI

44 Paddenswick Rd, W6 (inquiries 8.30-9.30am: 749 7096).

Banqueting House & Queen's Chapel. Afternoon visits to two of Inigo Jones's buildings, notable for their restrained strength & beauty of proportions, are preceded by morning lectures on *Inigo Jones—Surveyor to the Crown & Triumph of Peace—the*

Banqueting House Ceiling at the Brompton Library. Dec 4, 10.30am. Tickets £12. Include sae with all applications.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

Halley's Comet—a once-in-a-lifetime experience. The President of the British Astronomical Association, Heather Couper, views the current reappearance of the comet named after the British astronomer who predicted its return to the vicinity of the Sun every 76 years. When it disappears from our skies completely early next August, it will not be seen again until 2061. Dec 11, 6pm. Free tickets in advance from the Assistant Secretary (Lectures).

SALEROOMS

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Chatsworth prints. Some 300 Old Master prints, including seven by Rembrandt, from the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth are expected to raise more than £1 million. Dec 5, 2.30pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Silver. Two centrepieces—the one silver gilt, by Paul Storr, dated 1814, & the other ornate Victorian—are the most interesting lots in this sale of antique & modern silver. Dec 6, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Impressionists & Moderns. An early pointilliste scene of fishing boats, painted by Paul Signac in 1891, & works by Picasso, Pissarro, Sisley & Kandinsky form part of a sale of the late Sir Charles Clore's collection. Dec 3, 7pm.

Motor vehicles. A 1932 Daimler originally owned by Sir Winston Churchill, & bearing his coat of arms, is one of the early & classic cars to be auctioned at the Honourable Artillery Company, City Rd, EC1. Dec 9, 11am & 2.30pm.

Affordable Old Masters. Three collections of 17th-century Dutch paintings, likely to fetch what Sotheby's describe as "affordable" prices ranging between £3,000 & £30,000, include works by Frans & Wilhelm van Mieris, Godfried Schalcken & Pieter van Slingeland. Dec 11, 11am & 2.30pm.

CHILDREN

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Atarah's Band. Family fun concert designed to introduce children to music-making & concert-going. Atarah Ben Tovim, making a rare London appearance, puts on her own special brand of entertainment that requires audience participation in rhythm exercises, musical stories & conducting the band. Musical animals & robots from outer space interrupt proceedings. Dec 1, 3pm. £3.50.

JEANNETTA COCHRANE THEATRE

Southampton Row, WC1 (242 7040, advance booking until Dec 9 226 5911).

Blast Off! To Button Moon. Playboard Puppets present their latest *Button Moon* space spectacular, a show devised for three- to nine-year-olds. The all-time favourites of the Thames Television children's series—the Spoon Family, Egbert, Captain Large & Rag Doll—are joined by newcomers The Singing Hotpots. Dec 14-Jan 4. £4.50, children £3.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Jingle Bells. Quiz sheets that set the task of searching out the bells in pictures in the galleries. Clue: Canaletto, Poussin, Murillo & Monet all included them in their work. Dec 14-Jan 5 (except Dec 24-26, Jan 1).

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323, ext 595 or 779).

Green Treason. In a spirited courtroom drama, a jury from the audience listens to the case for & against trees, presented as a mix of comic verse, mythology & song. Family entertainment suitable for children seven years & upwards. Dec 9, 10, 11, 4.30pm (preceded by complimentary glass of sherry or squash 4.15pm). Tickets £1, telephone for ticket availability.

ROYAL PALACES

Information: Bill Addison, Room C11/07, Education Service, Dept of Environment, 2 Marsham St, SW1 (212 0613).

Banqueting House, Whitehall, SW1. Masques & mask making. Dec 31, Jan 2, 3, 10am-1pm, 2-4pm.

Hampton Court Palace, East Molesey, Surrey. Heraldry & symbolism explored in sessions that include making a lifesize figure of Henry VIII, designing banners & painting beasts. Dec 30, Jan 2, 3, 4, 10am-1pm, 2-4pm.

Kensington Palace State Apartments, W8. Quizzes on the collections, competitions to produce amusing Christmas presents for Queen Victoria. Dec 30, 31, Jan 2, 3, 10am-1pm, 2-4.30pm.

Events open to all ages (children under seven to be accompanied by an adult); no charge above normal admission fees.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

Young People's Lectures. Artist & carver Greg Powlesland reflects on his experiences as *An Englishman in Alaska*, Dec 30, & Michael R. Baxendine of Shell UK Exploration & Production talks about *Life on an oil production platform in the North Sea*, Jan 2. Both start at 2.30pm & are followed by tea & cake. Free tickets in advance from the Administrative Assistant.

ST PETER'S CHURCH

Kensington Park Rd, W11.

Bel & the Dragon. Nicholas Kraemer conducts the W11 Children's Opera—92 children aged nine to 14 years—in a performance of an opera by John Gardner, with libretto by Timothy Kraemer, based on the story of Daniel & the lions. It is the Group's 15th production. Dec 14, 15, 5pm & 8pm. Reserved tickets £3.50 & £2.50 after Dec 2, Mon-Fri 6-8pm, from 727 0841; unreserved £1.50.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Victorian Christmas at the V&A. A party, compliments of the museum, with pass-the-parcel & pantomime, carols & conundrums, free to the first 320 (no admission to adults unless accompanied by a child). Dec 15, 2.45pm.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Liz Falla, Frank Keating, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Ursula Robertshaw, Peter Robinson, J. C. Trewin, Penny Watts-Russell. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.





White and yellow gold pill box, set with lapis lazuli £6,000.
9 ct gold pocket time piece in leather travel case £815.



Asprey silver engine turned
Fountain pen £150. Felt pen £115.
Ball pen £115. Pencil £125.



Limoges hand painted porcelain boxes.
Lovebirds £55. Kingfisher £50.
Tortoise £50. Horse £70.



Miniature ship's decanter
with silver mount. Height 7" £65.
Miniature English crystal claret jug with
silver plated mount. Height 7 1/2" £150.
Model silver Grouse bottle cork from a
series of game birds £72.50.



Gilt and wood corkscrew £33.50.
General bar tool £75. Bottle opener £36.50.
Fruit peeler £40. Bar knife £40.



Spinning animal paperweights. Chrome
and gilt. Dachshund, hippo and horse 2 3/4"
diameter. (Other animals available.) £71.



Silver engine turned mounted comb. From £75.
Pair of silver engine turned military
brushes. Pure bristle £295.
Silver handled shaving brush with pure
badger bristle £95.



Stud/Cufflink box. 6 partitions. 5 1/2" x 4" x 2"
Black, burgundy, or brown £85.
Wooden photo frame, boy or girl, silver
motif. 2" x 2 3/4" £58.50.



Business Card box. Available in black,
burgundy and brown calf.
4 1/2" x 2 3/8" x 3" £45.
Address Books. Set of 3 "Weekdays,
Weekends, Anytime." Available in
black, red and blue. 4 1/2" x 2 1/2" x 1 1/2". £45.
Asprey lighter, purple lacquer £19.50.



Herend hand painted porcelain
cachepot £95.
Herend hand painted pierced
porcelain cachepot £60.
Herend hand painted porcelain cat.
Blue, green or coral £72.50.



Silver engine turned Asprey exclusives
£1 coin holder. 2 1/2" long. (Holds up to
15 coins.) £125. Gas wafer lighter £275.
Slide action photograph frame.
Folds to 3/16" thick £575.



18 ct gold and leather pocket memo with
18 ct gold pencil £1,710.
9 ct gold double key case for Yale
style keys £590.



Asprey
PLC



165-169 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0AR. Telephone, 01 493 6767. Cables/Telex, 25110 ASPREY G.
153 Fenchurch Street, London EC3M 6BB. Telephone, 01 626 2160. Cables, 25110 ASPREY G.
40 Rue du Rhône, Geneva. Telephone, 28 72 77. Telex, 428165 JONA.
725 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10022. Telephone, 212 688 1811. Telex, 421990 ASPREY.

How to be the successful transatlantic business traveller.

RULE

1 Set yourself apart

TWA gives business travellers special care and attention. Special Ambassador Class check-in. And separate section in the plane.



RULE

2 Make sure of your comfort and relaxation

TWA's Ambassador Class gives business travellers a relaxed and restful flight.

Widest 747 business class seats across the Atlantic. And the most comfortable.



2a Our recline is more than the others.

2b Only TWA has leg rests.

2c Adjustable for back support and lying back.

RULE

3 Get yourself space to work

TWA's Ambassador Class seats are only six across, in pairs. Plenty of leg-room, wide aisles, space to work. And relax.



RULE

4 Expect the best service

Our Ambassador Class cabin service is specially tailored for business travellers. Quiet, friendly, attentive. Elegantly served meals.



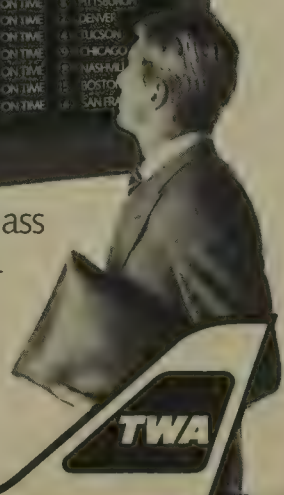
RULE

5 Make sure the airline takes you all the way

TWA flies to over 60 US cities – across America, without changing airlines. Every business traveller to the USA knows that by following these simple rules he's on the way to becoming a successful business traveller.

That's what TWA's Ambassador Class is designed for. So why put yourself at a disadvantage? Fly TWA Ambassador Class and enjoy it. And succeed.

Domestic Departures					
FLT.	DEPARTURE	GATE	DESTINATION		
769	7:45	ON TIME	PHILADELPHIA		
903	7:45	ON TIME	PHOENIX		
769	7:45	ON TIME	ST. LOUIS		
911	7:45	ON TIME	OMAHA		
447	3:10	ON TIME	PITTSBURGH		
845	3:55	ON TIME	DENVER		
389	3:55	ON TIME	TUCSON		
417	4:01	ON TIME	CHICAGO		
903	4:30	ON TIME	NASHVILLE		
903	4:35	ON TIME	BOSTON		
801	4:15	ON TIME	SAN FRANCISCO		



Leading the way to the USA



TWA

THE ROYALS AT WORK



When the Queen came before Parliament in November to read the speech from the throne she was carrying out one of the comparatively new traditions of the constitutional monarch, demonstrating in effect that she reigns but does not rule. The Government policy she outlined was seen in different lights by different people, according to their politics, but she was neither praised nor blamed for it. The policy was not hers, but that of the elected majority party that governs in her name. If the programme does not have to have her approval (and only she knows whether it does or not), why then does she have to read it?

The answer lies in that mystical side of the British constitution that provides so much of its strength. It is the Crown that gives the nation its unity and continuity. The nation's real, but temporary, rulers find it convenient to have their policies set out at the beginning of Parliament by the Queen, and the nation is comforted by the appearance of the monarch in Parliament, which serves as a reminder to the members that there is a part of the constitution with a life longer than theirs. As the Queen once said, "I have to be seen to be believed."

The precept is applied to all members of the royal family, and to other parts of the world as well as Britain and the Commonwealth. The Queen opened Parliament shortly after returning from a

long and triumphant tour of the Caribbean, and while her son and daughter-in-law were engaged in equally triumphant visits to Australia and the United States of America. The Queen's first port of call was Belize, where she had not been before. The warmth of the welcome reflected the newly independent territory's need for reassurance, given its uneasy relationship with neighbouring Guatemala, and it was here that the royal party was taken by surprise by the people's insistence in singing the old, aggressive and now politely forgotten second verse of the national anthem, calling on God to confound the politics of our enemies. The Queen went on to spend a week in the Bahamas during the meeting there of the Commonwealth heads of Government, using the royal yacht *Britannia* for giving audiences to each leader in town, before touring the islands of the eastern Caribbean.

Meanwhile the Prince and Princess of Wales were greeted with huge enthusiasm in Australia, where they went to join in the celebrations of the state of Victoria's 150th anniversary. In spite of apparently growing republican sentiment there is still strong support in Australia for retaining the Queen as Head of State, as was demonstrated to the Prince and Princess by the affectionate and often boisterous greeting they received.

In the United States the welcome for the couple, called "Chuck and Di" by the American press, at

times verged on the hysterical, even recalling the first visit of the Beatles when some of the young girls in the crowd burst into tears after the royals had walked by. There was an element of showbiz (with Clint Eastwood and John Travolta among the White House dinner guests) and some solid trade promotion (the royal couple, as patrons of the Treasure Houses of Britain exhibition, were keen to attract visitors to the National Gallery in Washington, where it is being held, and they also lent their weight to a "Best of Britain" promotion by a suburban chain store).

Photographs of some of these events in America, Australia and the Caribbean are published on the following pages. These were happy and not generally very serious occasions, but the razzmatazz that accompanied them may have obscured an element of their significance. For those who were there no doubt seeing was believing. For the rest, the fact that the younger generation of royals were travelling on the other side of the world to the Queen symbolized the continuity of the monarchy, which has survived for 1,000 years with a remarkable ability to adapt to changing circumstances. The concept of the constitutional monarch remains valid in Britain and though the power and prerogative of the Crown has, over the centuries, diminished, its prestige and popularity, as these recent occasions show, continue to increase.

Royal tours in two continents

The Prince and Princess of Wales's tour started with 12 days in Australia where they joined in the 150th anniversary celebrations of the state of Victoria. In Melbourne they attended a state reception and a charity ball before making a brief tour of the state. After the Melbourne Cup, high point of Australia's racing and social calendar, they were welcomed in Canberra by prime minister Bob Hawke. Their four days in the United States, which coincided with the opening in Washington of the Treasure Houses of Britain exhibition, generated exceptional excitement and interest—especially the glittering dinner in their honour at the White House. Their tour ended in Palm Beach, Florida, with a ball in aid of the United World Colleges.



The royal couple clearly enjoyed themselves in Australia, right, and turned a hand to all kinds of events with enthusiasm, whether starting a fun run at the Bay Day festivities in Melbourne harbour, above, or taking part in a road safety display for children north of Melbourne, opposite. In America, the Princess of Wales and Mrs Reagan cut a dash, above right, when they visited a drug rehabilitation centre in Springfield, Virginia.



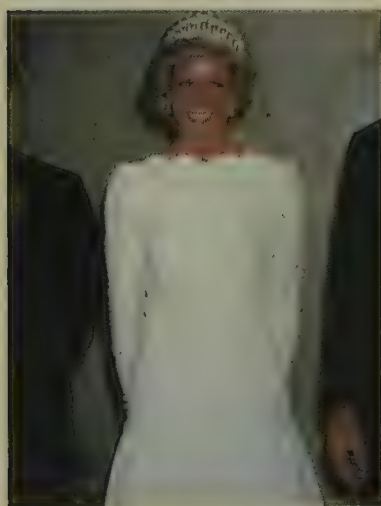
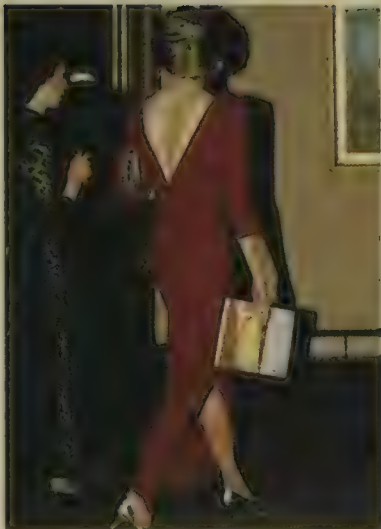
OPPOSITE: ANWAR HUSSEIN

ANWAR HUSSEIN

LIONEL CHERRUAULT







The Princess of Wales's glittering array of ball gowns, suits and dresses commanded attention throughout the tour, not least when she transformed a dazzling emerald-and-diamond necklace into a headband for a dinner-dance in Melbourne, Australia.





PHOTOGRAPHED INTERNATIONALLY

The welcome for the Queen was as warm as the weather throughout her four-week, 12-island tour of the Caribbean, which took in the Commonwealth leaders' conference in the Bahamas. The costumes of these Bahamian dancers owed much to local police uniforms.



THIRTYFOUR



The Queen's last port of call before returning to Britain was the oil-rich island of Trinidad, where she was enthusiastically entertained by children at a rally in the National Stadium.

JOHN SMITH/GETTY IMAGES

Colombia's tragedy



The threat of further eruptions of the Nevado del Ruiz volcano, north-west Colombia, hung over rescuers as they searched for survivors in the remains of Armero, above, a town buried by the eruption of November 14. More than 20,000 people were killed, many drowned in their sleep, when the volcano's melted ice cap sent torrents of mud into a 70-square-mile area. For many survivors the horror continued. Deprived of food, water and shelter, they could only make their way to higher ground and wait for the overwhelmed helicopter rescue services to reach them. For some, attempts at rescue were in vain. Omayra Sanchez, 12, trapped for two days in mud and water, far right, finally bled to death from a wound which the rescuers could not staunch.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAURO CARRARO,
REX FEATURES.





The leaning tower of Hackney



A temporary landmark was created when an attempt to demolish the Northaird Point tower block in Hackney failed, leaving 12 of its 21 storeys resting at an angle of 10° to the ground. The amount of explosive used was restricted to protect the neighbouring property, but despite having been sited by computer the charges proved too weak and six storeys more than expected were left to be demolished by ball and chain.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN HARRIS
AND NORMAN LOMAX/IMPACT

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, October 21

China successfully launched a surface-to-surface nuclear missile from land for what was believed to be the first time.

13 people were killed and 36 injured in a motorway crash involving 11 vehicles on the M6 at Forton, near Lancaster.

Tuesday, October 22

President Botha of South Africa rejected the Commonwealth's six-month deadline for apartheid reform. At least four people were killed in the unrest which ensued, mainly in the Cape Town area.

The United States accused the Soviet Union of violating the 1979 SALT-2 strategic arms limitation treaty by deploying new SS-25 intercontinental missiles.

Wednesday, October 23

Morocco announced a ceasefire in the guerrilla war in the western Sahara, fought against the Algerian-backed Polisario independence movement since Spain relinquished the region in 1975.

Labour MPs chose Derek Foster, parliamentary secretary to the party leader Neil Kinnock, as their new chief whip.

Thursday, October 24

Three of seven British servicemen from a Cyprus radio monitoring station were acquitted at the Old Bailey of passing secrets to Soviet agents. Two more were acquitted the following day and the others on Monday 28. An independent inquiry was set up into the allegedly brutal interrogation of the men by secret police.

The Greenpeace vessel *Vega* was seized by French commandos after it entered French territorial waters around the Mururoa Atoll shortly before the successful test of a nuclear warhead.

Trading in tin was suspended on the London Metal Exchange after the International Tin Council announced that it had run out of money to keep tin prices above the free market level.

Friday, October 25

President Alfonsín of Argentina declared a 60-day state of siege to combat a wave of bombings in the run-up to the general elections of November 3.

Local water authorities in Britain were given new powers to add fluoride to water supplies.

21 rebel prisoners were released in El Salvador in return for the release of President José Napoleón Duarte's eldest daughter, Inés, who was abducted on September 10.

The Austrian government passed legislation banning the addition of toxic diethylene glycol to wine.

The Soviet Union adopted a new economic programme designed to last until the year 2000.

Saturday, October 26

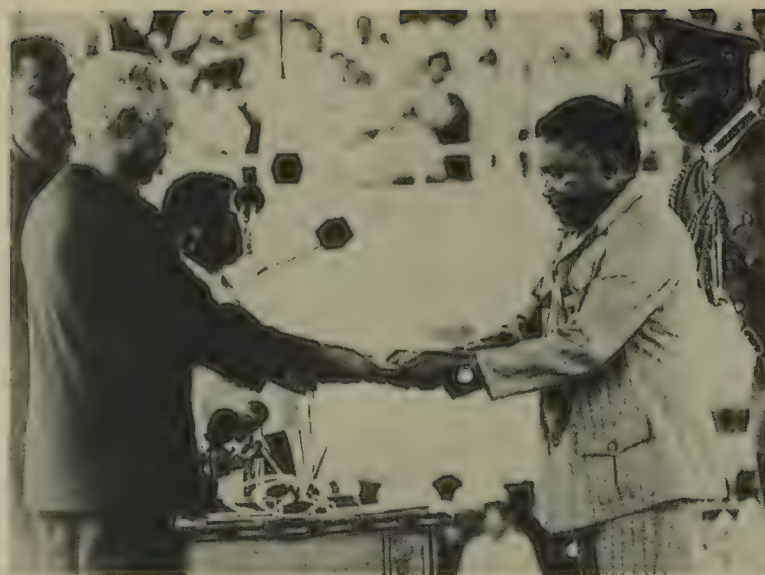
A British Transport policeman, Neil Harvey, was critically injured in a brutal attack while he was on a routine patrol of a railway yard in north Nottingham.

Soweto was declared a closed area to the Press.

Sunday, October 27

Five gunmen stole nine Impressionist paintings from the Marmottan museum in Paris. The paintings, which included Claude Monet's *Impression Soleil Levant* were valued at more than £10 million.

Chris Lloyd of the US won the Pretty Polly tennis tournament at Brighton



Julius Nyerere, President of Tanzania since the country was formed in 1964, handed over the instruments of power to his successor, Ali Hassan Mwinyi, on his retirement from office at Dar es Salaam on November 5.

beating Manuela Maleeva of Bulgaria 7-5, 6-3 in the final.

Monday, October 28

John Walker, a retired US Navy communications specialist, and his son Michael, a navy seaman, pleaded guilty in Baltimore to selling secrets to the Soviet Union.

Tuesday, October 29

The 73-year-old founder of the Workers' Revolutionary Party, Gerry Healy, was expelled from the party for allegedly seducing more than 20 female recruits.

Charles Douglas-Home, the editor of *The Times*, died aged 48.

Wednesday, October 30

By-elections in five constituencies in South Africa returned four candidates of the ruling National Party and the first MP from the right-wing Herstigte Nasionale Party who won the election in Sasolburg, Orange Free State. Six people were killed in violence which broke out in black townships around Durban.

Three Soviet Embassy staff kidnapped by Muslim extremists in West Beirut on September 30 were released.

Thursday, October 31

Two South Wales miners jailed for life in May for the murder of a taxi driver during the year-long pit strike had their verdicts reduced to manslaughter and their sentences to eight years by the Appeal Court.

Bettino Craxi reformed the five-way Italian coalition government which collapsed on October 17 after the hijacking of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro*.

Unemployment in Britain fell by 69,337 to 3,276,861 in October.

The Booker Prize for Fiction was won by Keri Hulme, of New Zealand, for her novel *The Bone People*.

Friday, November 1

The government of the Netherlands announced that it was to proceed with the deployment of US cruise missiles.

At least 39 people were killed and 80 injured when a petrol tanker fell into a ditch and exploded in the southern Indian village of Padaval.

Saturday, November 2

The South African government banned television, photographic and radio reporting of unrest in areas of the country where state of emergency regulations were in force.

Seven policemen were injured, one seriously, during an anti-apartheid

demonstration in Trafalgar Square at which 144 arrests were made.

Sunday, November 3

Mid-term elections in Argentina gave President Alfonsín's Radical Party a slightly increased majority in the lower house of the National Congress and control of several provincial and municipal legislatures.

George Shultz, the US Secretary of State, disclosed that the American embassy in Kabul had been besieged by Soviet and Afghani troops after a Russian soldier left his guard post and sought refuge there on October 31. He left the embassy on November 4.

A band of drug traffickers ambushed and killed about 21 police drug squad officers in the hills of southern Mexico.

Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia won the European Champions tennis championship in Antwerp, beating John McEnroe of the US 1-6, 7-6, 6-2, 6-2.

Monday, November 4

Vitaly Yurchenko, the KGB officer who defected to the US in August, decided to return to the Soviet Union, saying he had been abducted in Italy and taken to America against his will.

Two French secret service agents, Major Alain Mafart and Captain Dominique Prieur, pleaded guilty in Auckland, New Zealand, to manslaughter and arson on the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* in Auckland harbour in July after charges of murder against them were dropped.

Tuesday, November 5

The US government awarded a £3 billion contract for a battlefield communications system to the French company Thomson-CSF and its American partner GTE.

Wednesday, November 6

The Queen's speech to the new session of Parliament promised Bills on law and order, privatization of state corporations and the deregulation of Sunday trading laws as well as cuts in income tax.

Governments of 18 west European countries agreed to fund 10 research projects under the Eureka scheme to promote co-operation on technology.

General Wojciech Jaruzelski was appointed chairman of Poland's council of state and was replaced as Prime Minister by Zbigniew Messner.

Anibal Cavaco Silva was sworn in as Prime Minister of Portugal.

Thursday, November 7

Colombian troops stormed the Palace of Justice in Bogotá to end a 27-hour siege by left-wing guerrillas in which more than 90 people, including the president of the Supreme Court, were killed.

The Cabinet set the 1986 public borrowing target at £139 billion.

Some 80 Soviet soldiers were killed in a day-long battle after a mutiny by Russian troops from Tadzhikistan at a base in Afghanistan.

Friday, November 8

The editor of the South African *Cape Times*, Anthony Heard, was charged with a breach of the Internal Security Act after publishing an interview with Oliver Tambo, the exiled president of the African National Congress.

Mrs Thatcher declined an invitation from Mikhail Gorbachev for direct talks about nuclear weapons.

Kevin George Whitton was sentenced to life imprisonment for football hooliganism.

475 alleged members of the Mafia were sent for trial in Palermo, Italy.

Saturday, November 9

Gary Kasparov beat Anatoly Karpov in the 24th and final match of the world chess championship to take the series 13-11 and become at 22 the youngest world champion.

Eight people were killed and 15 were injured when three armed robbers attacked a supermarket in Aalst, Belgium.

Sunday, November 10

Sri Lankan troops killed 33 Tamil guerrillas as a ceasefire and peace talks neared collapse.

Monday, November 11

A nationwide security alert was issued by police in anticipation of a major bombing incident by the Irish National Liberation Army after the organization claimed responsibility for two bombs which were discovered and defused outside Chelsea barracks.

The South African government disclosed that it was preparing contingency plans to repatriate some 1.5 million migrant workers, many of them gold-miners, from neighbouring states in the event of the imposition of international economic sanctions.

The report by Buckinghamshire County Council on an incident during which four boys from Stoke Poges middle school were swept to their deaths

off Land's End during a school trip blamed the headmaster, Alec Askew, and another teacher, Robin Harrington, for providing inadequate supervision.

Ian Hay Davison resigned as chief executive of Lloyd's of London following measures by the company's ruling council to limit his powers.

Sir Ronald Halstead resigned as chairman of the Beecham's Group after the company announced disappointing profits.

Tuesday, November 12

Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his autumn financial statement forecast growth of 3 per cent and inflation below 4 per cent by the end of 1986.

The £10,000 Turner Prize for the year's greatest contribution to art in the UK was awarded to Howard Hodgkin, the romantic expressionist painter.

All performances at the Royal Opera House were cancelled until further notice because of a wage dispute with the Musicians' Union.

Wednesday, November 13

South Africa halted production of krugerrands after a fall in foreign demand caused by the international import ban.

Terry Waite, the Archbishop of Canterbury's international envoy, arrived in Beirut to begin negotiations for the release of four American hostages held by the Islamic Jihad movement.

The Appeal Court ruled that Bradford City Council was entitled to continue a suspension on Ray Honeyford, headmaster of Drummond middle school, for writing a series of articles criticizing the council's multi-racial education policy.

Northern Ireland qualified for soccer's 1986 World Cup finals in Mexico by drawing 0-0 with England, who had already qualified, at Wembley.

Thursday, November 14

At least 20,000 people were feared dead after the Nevado del Ruiz volcano in north-west Colombia erupted, burying a town and three villages in a torrent of melted snow and mud.

Following written apologies from Arthur Scargill, Mick McGahey and Peter Heathfield, the executive committee of the National Union of Mineworkers, the High Court lifted a sequestration order on some £10.3 million of union funds which was imposed during the pit strike when the union was found to be in contempt of court.

The Tower of London Armouries Appeal reached its target of £580,000 to prevent the auction of the Littlecote collection of Civil War armour.

Friday, November 15

The British and Irish governments signed an agreement giving the Republic the right to formal participation in the affairs of Northern Ireland. Ian Gow resigned as Treasury Minister of State in protest at the agreement.

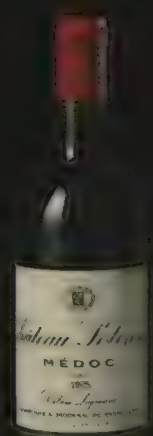
Inflation in Britain fell from 5.9 per cent to 5.4 per cent in October.

Sunday, November 17

Talks between Liverpool Council and union leaders, following the disclosure that the city had run out of money, broke down when the councillors refused to put up rates to be able to pay wages.

President Reagan arrived in Geneva to prepare for his November 19 summit with Mikhail Gorbachev.

Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia won the Benson and Hedges tennis championship at Wembley beating Boris Becker of West Germany 6-7, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4.



CHATEAU POTENSAC MÉDOC

One of the top growths
of the MÉDOC appellation
and one of the most refined.
A family property for over 200 years,
it is situated in that part
of the Médoc where the normally
poor soil is here very suitable
for growing vines.
It is a fragrant wine,
with a full bouquet
and character,
rounded and pleasant.



IN SLIPPERY CONDITIONS THE GRANADA 4x4 STOPS AS WELL AS IT GOES.

ANTI-LOCK BRAKES

FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE



WITH FOUR WHEEL DRIVE, THE GRANADA 4x4
HAS PHENOMENAL TRACTION. BUT WITH ABS BRAKES
IT'S GOT STOPPING POWER TO MATCH.

Here's something to think about before you buy a car with four wheel drive. You'll find you've got more traction on wet or greasy roads than ever before. You'll have more grip in corners. And if it snows this winter you'll leave everyone else standing. Or struggling to fit snow chains.

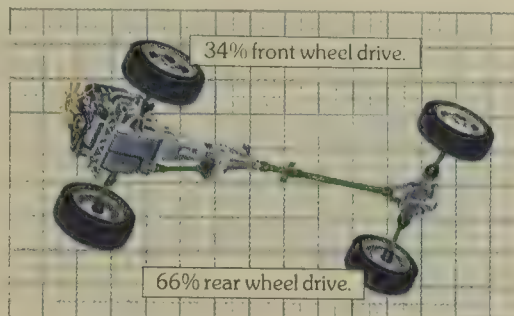
But don't forget, when a car is able to go well in such treacherous conditions it's doubly important that it can stop well. Which brings us to the new two mile a minute plus,† fuel injected, 2.8 Granada 4x4.

Not only does it have the most advanced four wheel drive system in production. But it also has ABS brakes fitted as standard equipment.

In case you're not familiar with the ABS system this is how it works. Imagine it's raining. You're forced to brake hard and swerve round an obstacle, a tractor for instance.



ABS brakes: If the system 'feels' a wheel begin to lock it can release and re-apply the brakes 15 times a second until adhesion is regained.



In the Granada 4x4 the drive is biased towards the rear wheels to give you predictable handling characteristics. It grips without vices.

With ordinary brakes it would be very easy to lock the wheels and skid straight on. ABS is designed to stop that happening. The system can sense when a wheel starts to lock and release the brake on that wheel for a fraction of a second till adhesion is regained. That way you can stop far quicker than you could with your wheels locked.

And steer safely.

This combination of four wheel drive and ABS makes the Granada 4x4 the most sure footed luxury express you could possibly imagine.

Take a test drive soon and see why 'Motor' said "Perhaps one day all cars will be like this."



Granada Ghia 4x4 illus. at £15,464.
Maximum retail price excluding number plates and delivery.
Also available is the Granada Scorpio 4x4. †Ford computed figures.

HINE

COGNAC



The mature, mellow flavour of Hine has always been enjoyed by the connoisseur.

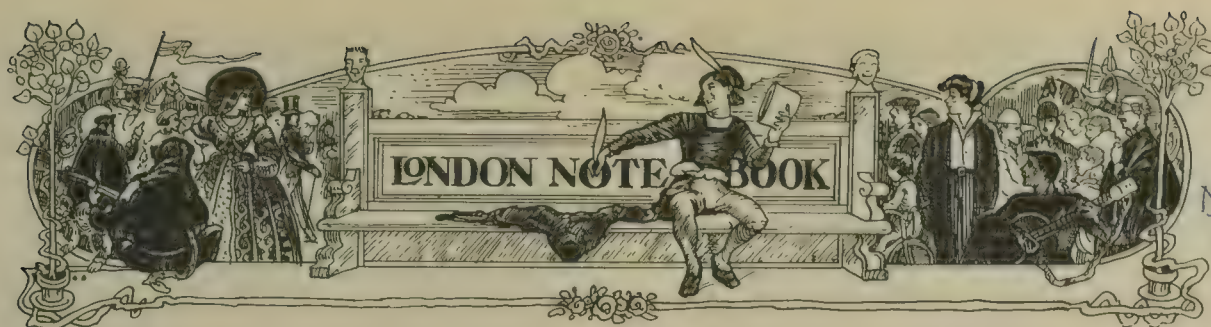
The inherited blending skills of six generations of the Hine family give each drop of cognac its smooth, exclusive taste. And make every moment spent with Hine, a moment to savour.



HINE COGNAC · SAVOUR THE MOMENT



By Appointment to
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
suppliers of Cognac
Cognac Hine S.A. Jarnac



Capitalism and apartheid

BY PAUL JOHNSON

The City of London is at the storm-centre of the international campaign for "disinvestment" in South Africa, which its sponsors claim will force the Pretoria government to abandon apartheid. From the very start London provided the means whereby the modern economy of South Africa was created. Until the 1860s the country was purely agricultural and very poor. Then the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley attracted a rash of fortune-hunters, men of small means and limited vision. It was thanks to the business diplomacy of Cecil Rhodes that thousands of small claims were amalgamated into a few big ones. He created De Beers, the first of the mining finance houses, a financial and industrial institution which devised long-term plans, involving large amounts of capital and modern technology, for the scientific exploitation of the country's mineral riches. Hence when the great Witwatersrand, or Rand, gold-field, the biggest in the world, was discovered in the mid 1880s, the machinery already existed for its development.

While the gold-fields of California, the Yukon and Australia faded, the Rand went from strength to strength, so that a century later it is the biggest and most economical gold-producer on earth. Moreover, the success of the system enabled a vast range of other metals to be prospected and extracted, enabling South Africa to create the western world's largest, most varied and efficient mining industry, employing over 700,000 people.

During all this time London has supplied the bulk of the capital, through such companies as Anglo-American, Consolidated Goldfields and Rio Tinto-Zinc. The sums of money involved are very large indeed. For Anglo's latest ultra-deep-level mine the main shaft alone will cost \$1 billion. But when the mine is completed it will employ 20,000 men and last 100 years or more. Three-quarters of those men will be blacks and they will be receiving the

highest industrial wages in Africa.

In theory, then, starving South Africa of capital could wreck the mining industry, the core of its economy, which is the only modern one on the entire continent. The view in London is that this is unlikely to happen. A sophisticated modern state is extraordinarily impervious to economic sanctions. The arms embargo, now over two decades old, led to the creation of an indigenous arms industry.

The oil embargo produced similar results. South Africa developed a synthetic-fuel industry. Not only has the country made itself 85 per cent self-sufficient in energy but it has, as a by-product, modernized and expanded its coal industry to create the lowest-cost coal-export trade in the world.

These experiences suggest that an embargo on capital will, in all likelihood, also end by broadening and strengthening the South African economy. City people here point out that exchange controls have largely ceased to exist in the West. Even the Labour governments of Australia and New Zealand have scrapped them. Britain abolished hers in 1979 and the Labour Party no longer says it will reimpose them. The truth is, the administrative difficulties free world governments now find in controlling capital movements across frontiers are almost insuperable.

South Africa's problem is that it has undergone, since the second quarter of 1984, a sharp recession—the real cause of the popular unrest it suffered last summer—and it has a heavy load of international debt. But so long as its mining industry continues to be efficient and profitable it will get investment funds one way or another. If governments like the United States impose restrictions on their banks and financial institutions, then South Africa will simply accelerate the development of its own.

Supposing the disinvestment campaign succeeds, the group least affected, as it happens, will be the hard-core Afrikaans supporters of apartheid. Most of them are small farmers and are less dependent, directly or indirectly, on foreign capital than any other section of the population. The group to be hit hardest will be black immigrants working in industry. South Africa, and particularly the Rand, is the great

magnet drawing blacks from all over southern Africa. In the mining industry, for instance, of 500,000 black employees, about 250,000 come from outside the Republic. In real terms, black wages in mining have tripled during the last decade. Immigrant workers remit nearly all their earnings, and poor neighbouring countries like Malawi, Botswana and Mozambique are heavily dependent on foreign currency earned by such exports of labour. If disinvestment forces mines to close or reduce production, black immigrants will be the first to be turned away.

The next group to suffer will be South African blacks, whether they live in the quasi-independent territories such as Transkei or Bophuthatswana or in South Africa proper. Blacks have made spectacular economic advances in recent years. There are more black-owned cars in South Africa than there are private cars in the whole of the Soviet Union. The number of blacks completing secondary education is about to pass the white total, and so is the number of black South African women with professional qualifications, above the 100,000-mark and rising fast. It is likely that there are more black women professionals in South Africa than in the whole of the rest of the continent put together. But such progress is dependent on employment. And if disinvestment does real damage, it is chiefly black jobs that will go. Of every 100 jobs destroyed by disinvestment, between 70 and 80 and perhaps even more are at present held by blacks, and these are the best-paid black industrial jobs in Africa.

While the blacks stand to lose most from disinvestment, the view from London is that the outstanding beneficiary will be Soviet Russia. It has no investments as such in South Africa. As a major diamond producer it benefits from the management of the world market by De Beers to the extent, it is calculated of \$1 billion a year. But none of the anti-apartheid campaigners, so far as I know, have brought any pressure to bear on the Soviet leaders to leave this cosy consortium, and if they did I doubt if it would have any effect at all on Soviet policy.

On the other hand, the destruction of the South Africa mining sector would obviously work to Russia's financial and economical advantage,

and not only in diamonds. Between them, Russia and South Africa control 99 per cent of the world's platinum, 93 per cent of its manganese, 84 per cent of its chrome and 68 per cent of its gold. There are many other metals in which the two are paramount. If South Africa were no longer able to produce these commodities, Russia would have a virtual world monopoly of them. The monopoly would not last, but in the short term Russia's gains would be great. They would be substantial in the long term too if, as a result of a successful campaign of disinvestment, the South African régime collapsed and the mines fell into hands the Russians could control.

The tragedy is that the disinvestment campaign strikes at the institution which, seen from London, is the one most likely to destroy apartheid from within: capitalism. It is a common fallacy to regard apartheid as the ultra-right-wing end of the political spectrum. I call it, more accurately, ethnic socialism. Its imposition inevitably involves state interference in all forms of economic activity, an enormous state sector, a growing slice of the national income, and endlessly proliferating laws which restrict the operations of the free market, especially in labour. Capitalism cannot co-exist with apartheid for broadly the same reasons it cannot co-exist with feudalism, or any other system which is based on inherited caste or race, which forbids freedom of movement and the right of everyone to sell his or her labour where and when he or she chooses.

It is in the nature of capitalism in South Africa to destroy apartheid, and that is precisely what it has been doing. It is under the pressure of capitalism, not the pressure of world opinion, that the government of President Botha has been progressively dismantling the apartheid laws. There is in fact a common interest for blacks and business to get rid of apartheid: for the former it is grotesquely unjust, for the latter it is grotesquely inefficient. This common interest is paradoxically emphasized by the disinvestment campaign, for if it succeeds both will suffer. The belief in London, at any rate in the City, is that the rational arguments against the campaign are such that it must fail. But when has the world been ruled by reason? ○



AT COUTTS, WE TAKE STEPS TO ENSURE THAT OUR CUSTOMERS
FEEL AT HOME BANKING WITH US.



A Coutts Manager will go to considerable lengths to keep his customers satisfied.

For example, he may go from our Bristol branch to Wantage. From Norwich to Aldeburgh. Or, quite possibly, Fleet Street to Fort William.

In fact, he'll travel as far as his furthest flung customer.

So, you don't have to live near a branch to have the Bank on your doorstep.

Not that we would ever turn up uninvited. That's certainly not our style.

Our Managers will always go out of their way, whatever the mileage, for a customer with matters of particular importance to discuss.

It's all part of the Coutts' tradition of personal service.

No other bank offers its customers their own Account Manager, who is responsible for the smooth running of their account at all times.

We provide rather unusual bank statements too. Unlike those that give you little more than a column of figures to refer to, Coutts details each and every transaction in a way everyone can understand.

In plain English.

These narrative statements are normally sent out monthly. Or as often as you wish.

As you'd expect from people with nearly three hundred years of banking behind them, Coutts has a wealth of financial services to offer.

We can be your tax consultants, your investment managers, your executors or trustees, your insurance advisers or simply your bankers.

Doubtless, many banks would claim to offer as much, on an even greater, grander scale.

But how far would they put themselves out (and about)?



440 STRAND, LONDON WC2R 0QS.



COCO

UN NOUVEAU PARFUM, UNE NOUVELLE FEMME

THE LOGIC OF THE NEW LLOYD'S



ALAN BERRYMAN

BY ROGER BERTHOUD

The architect Richard Rogers explains why he placed a gleaming, multi-faceted silver machine of a building in the motley heart of the City.

Love it or loathe it, the City of London has a new landmark: the gleaming new Leadenhall Street headquarters of Lloyd's of London, focal point of the huge London insurance market. Designed by Richard Rogers & Partners, co-architects of the Centre Pompidou in Paris, it is due to be completed next month and occupied on April 1. With its external, stainless-steel-covered towers and quantities of columns and pipes, it is a multi-faceted creation utterly different from the bland or brutal tower blocks which have proliferated within the Square Mile. It demands a

response, even perhaps an explanation. Certainly the more one understands its conception, the more brilliant it seems.

Yes, yes, the reader or viewer may say, perhaps it is exciting. But is it the right building in the right place? Richard Rogers has convinced discriminating conservationists that it is. The Royal Fine Art Commission, the official watchdog of major new projects, has commended it exceptionally warmly, and Mr Rogers certainly convinced me when I visited the partnership's cheerfully painted studio offices in a converted warehouse fronting on to the Thames at

Hammersmith. Rogers in the flesh has a handsome, energetic presence, slightly resembling a youthful, cheerful and voluble Marlon Brando.

First, quite rightly, he gave me some history. Lloyd's had already outgrown their premises and moved three times this century, he explained. They wanted their new building to provide a space for trading which would take them into the next century and allow for likely and unforeseeable changes. In a novel approach to finding the right architects, worked out with the Royal Institute of British Architects, they sieved through some 40 port-

folios and selected six firms: three British (Arup Associates, Foster Associates, and Piano & Rogers, as they then were) and three foreign, including the redoubtable Chinese-American I. M. Pei. The six were given four months and £10,000 each to prepare proposals for dealing with specific problems rather than plans for a building. The key requirement was for a new version of the huge underwriting "Room", in which more than 2,000 underwriting staff trade daily at 330 "boxes" with some 3,000 visiting brokers, all needing to be highly visible. Richard Rogers & Partners were announced as »→



»→ the winners in April, 1978.

The site made available by the demolition of Sir Edwin Cooper's 1928 Lloyd's building was an awkward, uneven shape, set at an angle to Leadenhall Street. For Rogers, who shares his close friend Norman Foster's concern for the social aspects of architecture, the City context was a key element in the shaping of the building. He and his colleagues took into account not just Lloyd's requirements in terms of staff, square footage, patterns of daily use and so on, but also the needs of passers-by. "We recognized the need to fill the site so as to keep the nature of the narrow City streets which wind around the neighbourhood and so continue the medieval pattern. In general, the buildings in the City are less interesting than the space they define."

The market-place nature of Lloyd's activities created its own imperatives. As all six competitors had recognized, there had to be some form of atrium for the great Room, with offices around and above it. That suggested floors shaped like a rectangular doughnut. "We said to ourselves: if everyone is going to be as visible to each other as possible, there shouldn't be any vertical structures or cores, which usually take up about a sixth of a building." That led to the inspired idea of removing not just the main pillars but also the services, including lifts, and placing them on the outside of the building. There they could be located to make optimum use of the irregular-shaped site, leaving the basic rectangle of the building free for the soaring 250-foot-high glass atrium and its adjacent office space.

Capitalizing on their inspiration, Rogers and his partners used sophisticated prefabrication techniques to form the six visually appealing stainless-steel-faced stair spirals and rectangular lavatory capsules with porthole-like windows; these loos with views, custom-built in Bristol, can be plugged in, plumbing and all, from outside, or replaced in the event of obsolescence or excessive wear and tear by ruined underwriters. The squarish boxes atop the building, which are perhaps its least attractive feature, are the "satellite service towers" or plant rooms in which terminate, *inter alia*, the three banks of wall-climbing external passenger lifts with glass sides for breathtaking views. Twenty external circular concrete pillars support the building (Ove Arup & Partners have



Richard Rogers, opposite. He believes architects must work for the non-paying public as well as for the paying client. Above, the glass atrium which allows maximum visibility for the market-place nature of Lloyd's activities: vertical structures like lifts are external.

acted as structural engineers). Rogers hopes that the resulting variegated and carefully sculpted contribution to the City skyline will lead the eye from vertical to vertical in much the same way as do G. E. Street's Law Courts in the Strand.

He commented: "We were able to show the conservation societies, like SAVE, which started with a negative approach, that it wasn't as massive as a great lump would have been. One of the things we are trying to do is to create a building with visual interest and legibility, one whose parts you can read. In that sense it contrasts with the very simple modern towers which are often boring and demand only one glance. This goes towards the more articulated Gothic or Victorian buildings, yet one is using 20th-century technology."

Rogers likes to explain or justify his architectural philosophy in terms of the past. "Take Gothic, for example: they made a lot out of every structural piece, with those wonderful vaulted roofs, and you really see the buttresses holding up the walls." The name of Brunelleschi,

the engineering and architectural genius of his native Florence (where his grandfather and father practised as doctors before returning to Britain in 1938) is frequently on his lips. When taxed with the juxtaposition of this gleaming, vibrant machine of a building and its motley neighbours, he points to the bizarre contrasts often to be found in famous squares, like St Mark's in Venice, with the Ducal Palace, the amazingly ornate St Mark's church, the eccentric but cherished *campanile*, all coming harmoniously together, as it now seems to us. "Or take Trafalgar Square: the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields is the only great building there, yet the square is greater than the sum of its parts" (to which he had hoped to add a characteristically exuberant, but rejected, National Gallery extension).

His faith in the capacity of good buildings of different periods to coexist contributed to the retention of a small, rather forlorn-looking block of old buildings hard up against one flank of the new Lloyd's. It includes the classical portico of

the demolished 1928 building, which will be used as an entrance leading to the old Leadenhall Market and its surrounding alleys—a useful join, he felt. As a student of social urbanism, Rogers wanted the new building to contribute to street life. "A lot of modern buildings freeze the ground around them and make it private, we feel. In fact the 1928 Lloyd's building was one of the first to ignore the tradition of little shops in the area. So the new building has a number of semi-public activities at street level: some shops, a restaurant, wine bar, café and a little Lloyd's museum."

Rogers's penchant for reducing problems to their component parts (no doubt a factor in his success) re-emerges when he is asked why Britain so lacks interesting modern buildings. Especially in the last decade, he said, we have had architects of international class like Norman Foster and James Stirling (not to mention RR). "The fact that most of their buildings are abroad must reflect something." The British were not well-versed in modern architecture: "Part of the problem is related to how little land we have. Coming back recently from New York state, I realized that almost every house in an area there like the Hamptons is a modern building, mostly designed by rather reputable younger architects. As in Scandinavia, it's the usual way for an architect to start, at a logical scale."

"Second, the users of those houses, who are often future leaders, have a chance to meet architecture face to face, so they see nothing unusual in using good architects later on. Over here, everyone who can afford a house buys an old one. We lack the tradition of building small, good, modern buildings. When we do get the chance, the planning authority steps in. I have never built a small house without serious problems from the planning authorities. So people go to the local builder, with whom there will be no difficulties. I am pro-conservation and I am pro-planning. But I am worried by the bluntness of a Planning Act which has not been touched for 30 years. There are more negative controls in this country than in any other I know of."

Rogers is critical, too, of gutless architects who have slavishly followed the dictates of clients whose only aim is profit. Architects should, he believes, be autonomous professionals working for the

RICHARD BRYANT

→ non-paying public as well as for the paying client. He also laments the dearth of enlightened commercial patrons or those perspicacious enough to appreciate the sheer good public relations of a building which stimulates and gives a lift to the spirits of passers-by and users. Lloyd's by contrast had been terrific, showing great courage, he reckoned, in commissioning new headquarters from architects who had never done a large office block. "We have had a tremendous relationship, especially with Sir Peter Green, a wonderful chairman," he said.

At a youthful 52, Rogers must have another two decades of high creativity ahead, having earlier got off to a slowish start. It required the initially much berated Pompidou Centre to make his reputation in the late 70s rather like starting a career as a novelist attempting to write *War and Peace*, he commented. Much has been learnt from that experience and its attendant traumas. The Lloyd's building is not only vastly more sophisticated, but promises to be exceptionally good value in terms of costs, including energy consumption, thanks partly to a novel triple-layered glazing system. One could perhaps argue that in the case of the "Deaublebourg", Rogers's sense of duty to the passing public produced a building so successful as a thing in itself that its role as public art gallery became secondary. The London creation is a more sober affair, yet stimulating in its details as well as in its overall design. The glass escalators connecting the first four balconied floors of the underwriting Room, for instance, have see-through glass sides with lights illuminating the brightly painted working parts, and thanks to the specially developed faceted German glass, the building will emit a warm glow when viewed from outside after dark.

Inevitably not everyone will like the finished product, and inevitably Rogers will be accused again of having been insensitive to the environment. But his carefully thought-out approach to his buildings makes him philosophical about such strictures. "If we didn't break moulds, we would all be living in caves," he said. "We are always moving forwards. Whether forwards is always good, I cannot say." ○

Right, a front view of the building from Leadenhall Street, showing structures such as the stainless-steel-faced stairways.

ALAN HURDMAN



Something different for Christmas. A pullover.



Available in one size only.

It's washable and guaranteed not to shrink or stretch.

The limited edition Golf GTi 'cc'.

With alloy sports wheels, front sports seats and cloth upholstery.

And an 1800 cc engine that will take you from 0-60 in 9.4 seconds.

You'll have to move pretty fast yourself if you want one.

Because we're building no more than 750 of them.

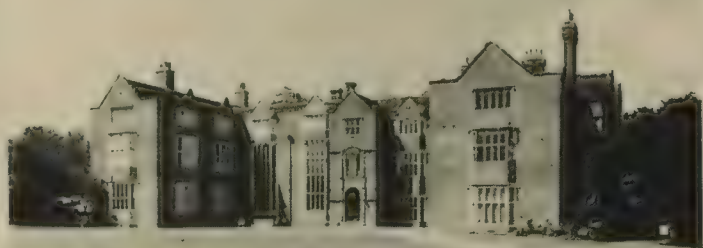
The very limited edition Golf GTi 'cc'. It could be just what you've always wanted.

For a change. **Golf GTi**



COUNTRY HOUSES ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Danny, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.



Gracious living—

Your own home with all services provided
within the historic house of your choice—

- * Albury Park, Surrey
- * Aynhoe Park, Oxfordshire
- * Danny Sussex.
- * Flete, Devonshire.
- * Gosfield Hall, Essex.
- * Greathed Manor, Surrey.
- * Great Maytham Hall, Kent
- * Pythouse, Wiltshire
- * Swallowfield Park, Berkshire.

Write or telephone for further details.
Ref: B65.

41 KINGSWAY · LONDON WC2B 6UB · TELEPHONE 01-836 1624

Established 1812
Patron: Her Majesty The Queen
President: The Lady Home of The Hirsell



Please remember the elderly at Christmas

Elderly people who have spent their lives caring for others, are deserving of our help and yours especially at this time of the year. For many who are old and alone, Christmas brings memories of happier times, of family and friends who have long since departed. They have spent their lives serving others — now they themselves need help. Failing health and rising costs combine to make the last years of their lives very difficult.

There is an overwhelming need for the care which the NBI is able to give, but we are very much dependent on donations and legacies, large and small, to assist us in our work. Please send whatever you can spare and help to bring a little warmth and happiness to those who have given so much.

NBI

Help us to care for those who have cared!

To: THE SECRETARY, DEPT ILND, THE NATIONAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION,
61 BAYSWATER ROAD, LONDON W23PG

I enclose £.....for the elderly in need

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Reg Charity 212450

This last 50 years has seen a revolution in the treatment of diseases. Vaccination has eradicated smallpox, special sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis, no longer needed, have closed down, and children are no longer put into isolation wards with scarlet fever. Penicillin, streptomycin, the cephalosporins and other antibacterials have silently but surely reduced by millions the number of people who suffer or die from bacterial infections. Acyclovir, the first of what must surely be a series of new anti-viral drugs, is being used successfully to limit many of the herpes-type diseases.

Yet it has become fashionable to belittle the achievements of the pharmaceutical industry. Opponents of animal experimentation and other pressure groups suggest that changes in lifestyle would be more effective in promoting health than our chemotherapeutic armamentarium. Sometimes they go further and suggest that chemotherapy actually promotes ill-health through inducing adverse drug reactions. This is arrant nonsense. The Drug Surveillance Research Unit at Southampton University has recently calculated that while the removal of all drugs from use would increase the average Briton's life expectancy by 37 minutes, due to abolition of side effects or adverse reactions, the resultant lack of therapy would decrease life expectancy by 20 years.

I do not accept, and society cannot afford to accept, that we already have enough drugs, medicines and vaccines. Such an argument belies the continuing advancement of scientific knowledge and the exciting discoveries yet to be made. It is like saying that the development of cars could have stopped with the Model T Ford because that provided adequate transport.

Like cars, the drugs of today are clearly superior to the models that existed years ago, but as with cars, there are sometimes unforeseen hazards that need to be addressed. Drugs need basic research in academia and in the pharmaceutical industry and the much more costly developmental research which can take place only in industry.

On average it takes about 10 years for a new chemical compound (a new chemical entity or NCE) to reach the market. So it takes a stout heart to continue to support a line of basic research in the hope that it will

eventually pay off in the far distant future. It is here that choices have to be made, and one golden rule is to back the man, rather than the programme: find imaginative scientists and put your faith and your research funding behind them.

The work carried out in many of the world's university institutions is of vital interest to the industry. There is clearly a recognition on industry's part that it cannot hope to employ all the talent it needs and that it must find new ways to collaborate with those who continue their careers in the academic environment. The point I wish to make is that a country needs strong research both in academia and in industry, and needs to encourage collaboration and co-operation between them.

Today's medicines are based upon the accumulation of knowledge of thousands of years from folklore, serendipity and science, including this century's explosion in knowledge of the biosciences. The medicines of tomorrow will depend upon research being done today. Ignore the need for that research and we shall lose the cures that we are entitled to expect in the next 50 years for illnesses that afflict hundreds of millions of people: illnesses such as cancer, heart disease, viral diseases, malaria, schistosomiasis and sickle-cell anaemia.

It is sometimes argued that research and development expenditure in the drug industry is too high—that the competitiveness and the initial secrecy needed to obtain patents leads to duplicative research. Others add that the drug industry spends too much research money trying to imitate other people's successful drugs, in producing "me too" drugs. This is fallacious, for unless a new drug displays a substantial advantage over those at present available it will not command a market. Moreover, almost all countries nowadays control the sales of new medicines through a registration process. The Committee on Safety of Medicines in the UK and the Food & Drug Administration in the USA demand detailed dossiers on every aspect of the properties of a new drug. They study them for months, sometimes years, before deciding whether to issue a product licence, and will nowadays tend to demand substantial advantages for a new drug over the ones at present on the market before granting

THE MEDICINES OF TOMORROW



Sir John Vane explains why it is essential to encourage academic and industrial research into drugs if cures for certain diseases are to be improved and developed.

product licences. *That* is the control point which is beginning to be used by governments, and it will become more powerful as the years go by.

I wonder if those who criticize research and development of "me too" drugs really mean to be anti-progressive? If there is a drug which can treat high blood pressure, they say, why waste money trying to find another? Let me try to illustrate how foolish this is, and at the same time show how discoveries made in academia can lead to important new drugs.

In 1965, when I was working in the research laboratories at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, a Brazilian came to do research with me on a post-doctoral fellowship. He brought with him a venom extract from a Brazilian poisonous snake called *Bothrops jararaca*. At the time I was studying a complex chain of events in man

and animals called the renin-angiotensin system, which starts by the release into the bloodstream of an enzyme from the kidney and ends with the production of a highly active substance called angiotensin II. It was then thought, but not proven, that this molecule could be involved in causing high blood pressure. Angiotensin II is formed by an "angiotensin-converting enzyme" from an inactive precursor known as angiotensin I.

I suggested to the Brazilian that he should look at the effects of his snake venom on the enzymes involved in the generation of angiotensin II, for in his previous work in Brazil he had shown that the venom inhibited other enzymes of a similar nature. However, science and scientists are not like that and within a week he had turned the tables on me and persuaded me to join *him* in a continuation of his previous work! Indeed, we

made some interesting discoveries there and it was only about two years later that another of my colleagues looked at the effects of the snake venom on the renin-angiotensin system. We found that the venom was a potent inhibitor of angiotensin-converting enzyme and could thus be a useful tool to find out whether the renin-angiotensin system was important in high blood pressure.

I was advising a drug company in the USA at that time, and, after much persuasion, managed to get them to work on the venom. They isolated, purified and then synthesized a single active substance from the many that the venom contained and developed it until the hypothesis could be shown to be valid in animal experiments and in man.

Senior management in the company were not enthusiastic about the programme, for the compound isolated from the venom was active only by injection and they wanted a substance which could be taken by mouth. However, two of their scientists went on to make a conceptual breakthrough and were able to find new synthetic compounds which could be taken orally. As a direct result of this programme they went on to develop the drug Captopril which is now on the market worldwide to treat high blood pressure. Subsequently a number of pharmaceutical companies have shown keen interest in developing better substances with the same mode of action for use in treating high blood pressure. The search is by no means over, and this is one of the most competitive areas in drug design at present.

I do not think any reasonable person could call anti-hypertensives based on the renin-angiotensin system "me too" drugs by comparison with drugs available beforehand. It would be like calling a car a "me too" railway train.

Over a period of 30 years therapy against high blood pressure has moved from substances which blocked parts of the nervous system (ganglion blockers) to others which prevented some of the action of adrenaline (beta-blockers) to angiotensin-converting enzyme inhibitors, and now the focus of research interest is turning to renin inhibitors and other new directions. Each class of drug is built upon the knowledge obtained from the previous one but each pharmacological intervention has been singular in its

method of attack. As two American scientists, Comroe and Dripps, pointed out in their painstaking and erudite study of the scientific endeavour that leads to a major advance in medicine, there is a whole pyramid of enabling work essential to provide the overall knowledge for such a major advance, which is often attributed to one man. Of the key work in this pyramid more than half is "basic" physiology, pharmacology and so on, and more than two thirds takes place in universities. But these proportions take no account of the cost of drug development. Major pharmaceutical companies have Research and Development budgets of £100 million or more—usually something between 8 and 14 per cent of turnover. A small fraction of this R and D expenditure is devoted to basic or untargeted work, another larger amount to targeted research, but the great bulk is for development. As it may take 10 years to develop a drug the cost for any new chemical entity by itself may be between £15 million and £20 million. Of this, only a few hundred thousand pounds are needed to discover the activity. The rest is spent on toxicology, drug metabolism, pharmaceutical and chemical development and, most of all, on testing the substance in detailed trials in man. For every project which is successful there are many that fail, in the sense that a new product does not emerge because the compound is too toxic or lacks efficacy in man. The failures may cost £100 million, and in a R and D-based company the successful projects have to pay for those that fail. But surely the price is worth it? What it means is that for every pound you or the Government spends on medicines, 10p to 12p goes towards the search for and development of new drugs for the future.

We *shall* find a cure for cancer, for heart and circulation disease, for viral diseases, sickle-cell disease, malaria and the other tropical diseases, as long as university and drug company research are supported and as long as the drug companies maintain their massive development programmes. Universities or research institutes alone can never develop a drug, through all of the laborious processes required. In the next article I shall describe these in more detail to give an idea of the massive amount of work involved, and to explain why it takes 10 years ○

A CLASSIC FOR A MAN



Oscar de la Renta
PARIS

I LIKE IT HERE

BY CLAIRE FRANKEL

What is it that attracts American women to the British way of life? Some transatlantic transplants explain why they wave the Union Jack.

When James I held his Twelfth Night masque at the Banqueting House in Whitehall, seated at his right was an American woman, the first in a long string of imports. Lady Rebecca Rolfe, better known as Pocahontas, had married Englishman John Rolfe when he was in America fathering the tobacco industry, and was brought to London to publicize (and subsidize) that "vile weed". Presented at court, she was the cynosure of London: Queen Anne heaped honours on her and she was "frequently admitted to wait upon Her Majesty". Accustomed to the abundant open spaces and transparent waters of her country, she found the English capital depressingly different. The excitement of her social success was undermined by the city's squalor: it bulged with overcrowded housing, the climate was chillingly damp and smoke strangled the atmosphere. She fell ill and died in 1617 of causes unknown, though some said culture shock was a significant contributor.

Aspects of that story still hold true. Englishmen are still travelling to America and doing well when they get there. They still fall in love with American women and bring them proudly home. And most American women, wives and singles, find themselves in the absurd but sometimes delightful position of being thought exotic, while they are at once overwhelmed by London's crowds and exhilarated by its offerings. There the comparisons stop.

American female imports today do not die from culture shock. In fact, culture shock is exactly what we look for and, gratefully, find. It intrigued and titillated Jenny Churchill and Mary Curzon, Nancy Astor and Consuelo Vanderbilt. Chance (and a cattle boat) ferried Isadora Duncan here and a Fulbright fellowship to Cambridge brought Sylvia Plath.

To leave one's native land by choice takes a restless, not to say maverick, personality. Initially we



Claire Frankel, the author, who was brought up in Alabama and has been living in London for more than a decade.

tend not to think of ourselves as pioneers but, generally later, an exciting sense of adventure emerges. An American friend called my move to England "irresponsible": one should "stay put". I never figured out why staying would make me responsible—or for what.

We come here to work and/or to marry. Generally, we also come looking for a different kind of life from the one we know; we are searching for that much advertised but not easily defined "quality of life". The trade-off for that alleged, improved quality of life was the realization that aircraft and telephones do not link

you up as positively as you had expected with family across the ocean and that here your focus changes.

Undeniably, there are negative feelings about America which also helped us to move—the materialism and the conformity, the lack of privacy and the superficiality. And, as in any honeymoon, the "warts and all" over here were much too discreet to show and tell. We certainly did not come for the weather! Its only merit is to provide the English with one of those superbly safe topics of conversation that can never be intrusive, or expose a crack in that holy of holies, the English person's privacy.

It takes some time to fathom why privacy is so vital here and why fish-bowl living is usual over in the States. Grand physical space is taken for granted until we come to England. We sing about spacious skies and mountain majesties. It is not a fantasy. It is all there, making the equation Big=Beautiful=Better. We talk about "breathing space" and that means space to expand and to be expansive, to feel free to move and to bounce ideas around. There is room to be wrong. All that space makes for far less need for the privacy and reserve which is encouraged by living in a small and heavily populated island.

Privacy leads the English straight into delightful, self-contained hobbies of the most esoteric kind. Erudite research about obscure subjects, or a devotion to gardening, enchant any observer. Even the "nice cup of tea" business, the immediate response to any ailment, is singular. It isn't that tea is medicinal, it is the intimacy, the privacy of the tête-à-tête. But that is a secret idiosyncratic speciality we learn about only slowly.

Kathryn Berry, an American artist who has lived in England for 12 years puts it this way: "The entrance hall in America is much deeper and wider, but before you're really let into the rooms of friendship there you still have to build confidence. In England you're allowed into a small foyer and kept there for a helluva long time. But once you're into the room, you know you're home." Probation here is a protracted business, but acceptance is for life.

We are surprised when someone points out our changing accent, our English phrases and different tones of voice. We learn that invitations on the mantelpiece are a left-over university tradition, not an ostentatious display of popularity. We realize that attention to health, physical and mental, is nonchalant and cursory here.

We come to Britain with preconceived notions; such foolishness as thinking that we speak the

RICHARD DUDLEY-SMITH



PRECIOUS FEW OBJECTS ARE VALUED FOR A LIFETIME.

A golden gift opportunity in 10 and 14 carat rolled gold. SELECTIP ROLLING BALL™ pen and ball pen. Lifetime mechanical guarantee.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

A.T. Cross (U.K.) Limited
Concorde House • Concorde Street • Luton • Bedfordshire
LU2 0JD • Tel.: Luton (0582) 422793

»→ same language, when common words have different meanings. It takes months to realize that you have just been insulted—in the nicest kind of way, of course. How are we to guess that phrases like “with the greatest respect” mean just the opposite? While we may be late bloomers, the use of the English language and pride in its beauty seeps in, so that, on returning across the Atlantic, the addiction there to monosyllables and clichés sometimes offends the ear. We have been osmotically re-educated and are surprised to discover it has happened.

Another confusion stems from our muddled thinking that common heritage is a uniting factor, one which will shorten the emotional distance. But we forget that after all those early English settlers founded New England, other disparate nationalities moved in. England was an important part of our background, but the variety of peoples in America, the lack of homogeneity, prevents complete integration.

Virginia Woolf saw it differently. In 1908 she wrote in *The Times Literary Supplement*: “Save for the voice and certain small differences of manner which gave them a flavour of their own, Americans sink into us like raindrops into the sea.”

But we do not sink in; we retain characteristics such as exuberant enthusiasm and directness. The English are embarrassed when we ask mere acquaintances about money; they are secretly relieved when complaints are pursued by a “brash” American, allowing everyone else to relax and benefit from the result.

Ariana Clarke Windle, a young American living near Oxford, and her two-year-old son were part of an outdoor playgroup where suddenly, “someone lit a bonfire and all the smoke was blowing near the children. Everybody was very cross and annoyed about it, so I said, ‘Well, I’ll just go tell them to put it out.’ They’d all complain and bitch about how it was inconsiderate and illegal but no one would ask them to put it out. I can get away with that; I can be rude by their standards. They’ll even ask me if I’ll be the spokeswoman.”

There are a number of American attributes that we do not miss. Heading that list would have to be tunnel-visioned materialism, with its concomitant “If you’ve got it, flaunt it”. When visiting America there is a feeling that with all that White Rabbiting few really stop to think about why they are breathlessly chasing about, though part of it is to pay for the new “gotta-have-it” fourth TV or better microwave. Everybody enjoys living well, but we see here different priorities and there is a reluctance to

allow money to take over.

American journalist Pamela Harlech came to London to work in 1965, finding it much slower and thus more difficult than in New York. “I love working in New York but I don’t like living there. I can bear it for about two weeks max, because everybody there is so geared up to work. You can get things done and you’re treated like a professional, a dirty word here. But people in America live as they work and it’s still publicity-conscious and it’s competitive living. In London nobody cares. In fact, they’re anti it.”

Still, there is that small niggle, that twinge of doubt, that maybe some of the negatives we find in the States act as a justification for our protracted absence. When I am lauding those idiosyncratic ways I’ve come to love here, (as Orwell put it, “the suet puddings and the red pillar boxes have entered into your soul”) I know I cannot—and would not—be other than an American.

That accident of birth is like an old friend of the family and I defend it the same way—emotionally. It clings like the common memory of all those Fourth of July picnics and Thanksgiving turkeys that will never be replaced by 1,000 fireworks on Guy Fawkes night. And while America now begins to feel vaguely foreign and not quite home any more, nor will England ever be. It is not painful inhabiting this mid Atlantic position; it is stimulating and liberating. It is not so much like being an “ex-patriot”, more a double one.

Kathryn Berry

Born Minneapolis, Minnesota; age 47; married; three children; artist. In UK 12 years.



“Last summer I went to a ‘Booster Club’ party for Oregon State University. They’re organized to gain more support, financial and otherwise, for the football team. I wanted to be one of the gang, to observe, see a piece of America that I don’t participate in, that is reminiscent of my years in the US. I was very conscious of the differences. It was a strain. It was like squeezing myself into a dress that

didn't fit any longer.

"Generally when I go back I visit the East Coast. I feel extremely comfortable there, but I'm a Londoner and I feel highly critical of both systems. In America work is all-encompassing: even when you play you have a work attitude to that play. In a sense, what's important here is who you are outside your work because in London that's what you trade on; whereas in America what you trade on is your work position. Here you can also do that, but you can be an eccentric bird-watcher and that's where your value lies rather than being a banker. I like that—something else is gathered out of life other than the achievement and accumulation of goods.

"The downside of my life here is being an alien. I don't like that extra effort of the mystery behind some social ceremony. I can't really help my children through the educational system because I don't bloody know it, really. I cannot understand the music behind the words. On the other hand I enjoy the freedom of the alien. I enjoy being an American and being more easily forgiven."

Pamela Harlech

Born New York; age 50; widow; one child, daughter, age 13; journalist. In UK 20 years.



PATRICK LICHFIELD

"I had a happy, wonderful life with David [Lord Harlech was killed in a car crash in January]. One night we had to go to a 'do' at Buckingham Palace and I had the entire kit on—tiara, diamonds, the lot—and an incredibly beautiful dress, if I do say so myself. It was one of those nights when I looked in the mirror and said, 'You've got it tonight. It's OK. You look rather good.' David walked in, in his white tie and all the gongs. He

looked sensational and he said, 'How do I look?' and I said, 'Darling, you really look wonderful.' He said, 'Great. Let's go.' I stood there looking and then I said, 'Uh, hello... uh, how about me?' He said, 'Terrific. Fine. Let's go.'

"That's not just typical of him. That's typical of an Englishman. The point is, you marry an Englishman, there's no point in trying to make him over into an American or a Frenchman or an Italian. When you marry an Englishman, generally you marry someone who's never going to praise you. He's more likely to say you're a terrific cook if you're not in the room. God forbid they should say it to you.

"At the same time, they're the most loyal persons for family and friends. They expect a lot from women. They're not sort of house-trained like most American husbands. You're expected to run a house and raise children with a minimum of fuss. They don't like rows, don't like raised voices, don't like making waves at all. They'd rather pretend it hadn't happened than have a row, which is very frustrating

for someone like me. They're on the whole a nation of sulkers.

"Work habits are also very different over here. The first year I almost had ulcers trying to balance both sides of the ocean. Finally I said to myself, 'It's not worth it. I'm just going to go with the way everybody does here.' I'd say to my American colleagues, 'Look, take my word for it. Don't get stroppy with people here. They operate differently.' I learnt not to get upset.

"One of the helpful things here was that my British colleagues were much less stab-in-the-back. They were incredibly kind, helped in every way. In New York everyone's much more worried about their own position. They're a little frightened if someone comes in who's pretty good—she might take their job.

"Of course the whole idea of work is different in America. You're brought up to work no matter how rich you are—waiting on tables, mowing the lawn. Nothing is beneath you. Here, it's still not quite right to work, to earn money. If you ask for a lot of money it's considered not quite nice."

Olivia Patton Vincenti

Born New York; age 35; married; one child, son, age five; runs family centre, Brent Social Services Department, left. In UK eight years.

"There were two major American influences on me as a woman. One was the Civil Rights Movement, the other, the Women's Movement. As a result, there is a self-assurance that permits me to act out what I want for myself. Even if there are constraints put on me, there are still expectations. That's part of the psyche, or the culture that's built into an American woman. It's a big country and there's a greater sense of the possible. Even if you can't take advantage—and there are periods where, as a woman, you have to delay—you have still grown up with expectations of fulfilment, of making the essential decisions for your own life.

"In England, because of that optimistic American background, I feel I can do what I want. I have my own limitations but no doors are closed to me. This is not the case with many Englishwomen I've met. Professional women here feel they're limited, regardless of the fight they've won to get where they are. Of course a lot depends on class here: it affects choices and this is compounded by colour.

"The London environment for a mixed marriage is not easier than it would be in America, but we're protected by the people we know and choose as friends. Life in America wouldn't be that different. ➤➤➤



RICHARD DUDLEY SMITH

»→ My friends are perhaps more important here—I depend on them as an extended family. That also has to do with colour—that some of those friends are black people, role models for my son.

"Americans—both sexes—pursue work with advancement in mind. The English system doesn't push you to advance yourself because as a people the English haven't the energy. That fever, that drive in America where you have to progress professionally, progress educationally even if you're not suited to it, is pervasive. I can move at my own pace here. I have ambition but I want it at my own speed and not what someone else dictates.

"Of course I find frustrations living in England. I object to the inability or style or tradition of not making a stand, not getting openly involved and showing that involvement. Saying clearly, we're prepared to do this or that. The British attitude is, 'You can't get too excited, and no confrontations, please.' I haven't got any problems with confrontations. It's not a dirty word. Confrontation is a means, not an end, but that's not on here.

"I like living here. I've begun to recognize what makes me angry so now I expect it and challenge it. I refuse to get used to it. Personally, being black, a woman and American—in that order—has finally stood me in good stead."

Ariana Clarke Windle

Born Clarksville Maryland; age 30; married; one child, son, age two; photographer/designer. In UK eight years.



"Living in a small village compared to living in Washington, where I had a job and a very active social life, was such a shock and it was made worse by the fact that people were reluctant to ring my bell and say, 'Come round for coffee, you're new.' I was here a year and a half before I was in anyone's house. That would never happen in the States. I felt excluded and depressed. Now it's almost the opposite.

"I can spot an American on a bench a mile away, partly because I'm like them and partly because I'm different. It embarrasses me that we live up to certain stereotypes, like being wild and aggressive; on the other

hand, I occasionally play it up. I'll still ask questions I know are unacceptable. For example, 'How much did you pay for your house?' is a question not asked over here but in the States people ask about property values all the time. All my English friends say later, 'Gosh, I'm glad you asked that question. I really wanted to know.'

"I don't think I have any intimate English friends. There are no common experiences, so occasionally I feel lonely. I'll always be an outsider here and it's the same thing now over there. Once you become an expatriate it's never the same. I mind sometimes because it might have been nice to have the continuum, but it's wonderful to have the richness of two cultures and the sense of independence.

"One of the strengths of English culture is that there's less expectation of conformity. It's a subtle combination of intellectual things that happen in the educational system here.

"There's much more discussion about alternative views. They'll look at all the 'isms' in an open analytic way and there's a free-wheeling exchange of ideas that's really healthy. In Washington now, if you open your mouth with any kind of liberal idea you're branded as some kind of left-wing commie—they don't want to hear it. The parochialness and egocentricity all over the States is so dangerous.

"So the things I used to dislike in America I now can't tolerate, such as the enormous materialism. TV crams everything down your throat. You feel a sense of deprivation if you don't have a jacuzzi. Over here, there's a great reluctance to have new things. When I got my telephone answering machine a few people in the village suggested that was over the top and refused to leave messages. The paradox is that in the States you feel if you're not changing all the time something's wrong. When I go there I worry that my two-year-old son isn't going to be able to cope with the 21st century because he's not into computers yet!

"That's really a reflection of goal differences. In the States there's even a 'Better Baby Clinic' in Pennsylvania which holds classes for parents to learn how to maximize their children's learning abilities. The response to that kind of thing here—at least in my village—would be 'Isn't it a pity', meaning a pity to pressure young children. When I discuss teaching my son to read, they respond negatively, feeling that when he gets to school his teacher would be inattentive and resent the fact that he's been taught in a different way.

"I'm torn when I go over there, but I'm much happier for my son to grow up and be educated in England where there's less possibility of drug abuse, less crime and less pressure." ○



THE PERFECT SETTING.

In 1967 the Danish architect Arne Jacobsen designed Cylinda-line.

The passing years have confirmed the timeless elegance of this superb stainless steel tableware.

Cylinda-line from Stelton. Stainless Steel in the finest Danish tradition.



For details of your nearest stockist, write to Royal Copenhagen
15 New Bond Street, London W1.
Or telephone 01-629 3622.

* Sun
* Snow
* Switzerland



Arosa

The favourite goal of the British
... more Snow, Sun and Fun ...

Season beginning December until after Easter

The traditional but the up-to-date wintersports resort in the heart of the Grisons/Switzerland with all modern facilities in a sun-sparkled mountain valley—away from the hustle and bustle—is expecting you this winter. Welcome to AROSA

Information/prospectus: Your travel agency; Swiss National Tourist Office, 1 New Coventry Street, Tel. 01-734 1921 or Arosa Tourist Office, P.O.B. 90 CH-7050 Arosa, 'phone 0104181/31 16 21—Tx 74 271.

Arosa

WALDHOTEL
NATIONAL ****



Best location for skiers
and walkers.
Swimming pool (28'), sauna.

Known worldwide

W. & E. Huber
Tel. 0104181 - 31 26 65. Telex: 74 209

Arosa

SPORTHOTEL ALEXANDRA

The hotel with the personal touch.
Modern amenities—quiet, sunny location.
Indoor pool. Excellent cooking. All-
in ski weeks (half board)
14.—21.12.85 sFr. 658.- / 4.1—1.2 +
15.3 till Easter, starting at sFr. 721.-

Reduced rates for children.

Hans Gschwend, manager
CH-7050 Arosa. Tel: 0104181/
31 01 11—Tx 74 261.

Arosa
SPORTHOTEL
★
★
★
★
VALSANA



children's friendly

Indoor pool, fitness centre,
massage, kindergarden, TV-
room, Bar-Dancing with
orchestra.

M. Holdener, CH-7050 Arosa
Tel. 010481/31 02 75—Tx. 74 232

Arosa

Hotel Prätschli ****

7050 Arosa, Tel: 0104181/31 18 61
Telex: 74 554

The refined, first-class hotel with
every comfort in the sunniest
location for the best Arosa winter
holidays. Ski-lifts right in front of
the hotel, Cable car, curling, ice-
skating, bar, dancing. Fitness gym,
hair-dresser, manicurist.

Davos
Hotel Meierhöf

The 4-star hotel with five-star
amenities.

Fully renovated and generously
extended! Indoor swimming pool,
whirlpool, underground garage.

Central location near Parsenn
train. Special skiing and cross-country
skiing weeks.

Fam. Meier, CH-7260 Davos Dorf.
Tel: 0104183/6 12 85—Tx 74 363

Klosters
alpina
hotel restaurant

It's a question of fantasy, to find
your best target destination.

That's why certain places are always
discovered by exceptional people.
ALPINA-Klosters is the sportive
alternative to so many common things.

HOTEL ALPINA, CH-7260 Klosters
Tel. 0104183/4 41 21

CELERINA
cresta
**** palace

near St. Moritz
First-class family hotel.

Very sunny location, own skating and
curling rinks, ski runs to the door, indoor
swimming-pool, sauna, sun terrace.
"Stübli", bar, dancing, 200m from ski
school, ski lift, aerial cableway, garages
and parking.

All in charges sFr. 80.— to sFr. 175.—
and economic all-in ski weeks.
Fam. Toni Cavelti.
Tel: 0104182/3 35 64—Tx 74 461

ZERMAT

1620—3820 m

SNOW BEACH:

The longest skiing season in the Alps
ZERMATT IS WORTH IT

105 Hotels with suitable accom-
modation. 35 uphill facilities
(60km) 150km ski-slopes.

NEW: No waiting at the bottom lift
any more:

Information: Tourist Office CH-3920
ZERMATT.
Tel. 0104128 67.10.31, Tx 472 130

Veysonnaz

1300—3300 m

"4 VALLEYS"—REGION

Family and sport resort 30 minutes from
the motorway exit. Swiss ski school (children
from 4 years). Studios and apartments to
rent. More than 80 skilifts and cablecars:
special tickets for families, 10km Cross-
country-Skiing slope

Package-deal "all included"
Information: Tourist Office CH-1961
Veysonnaz, Phone 01041/27/22 03 53 or
01041/27/22 28 13 Telex 38 408.



Sörenberg

1166—2350m
Central-Switzerland

Sörenberg is a winter paradise near Luzern for
skiers and snow-lovers.

○ 16 lifts and mountain railways
○ Swiss ski-school—Ski kindergarden
2 ski circuits (7 and 15km)
"modern hotels—comfortable holiday homes"

Information: Tourist Office CH-6174
Sörenberg, Phone 0104141/78 11 85

OVERLOOKING HISTORIC
BLACKHEATH, THIS IS THE
LARGEST AND BEST APPOINTED
HOTEL IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON

- ★ 250 bedrooms—most with
private bathrooms.
- ★ Centrally heated—all
rooms with T.V., radio and
telephone.
- ★ Spacious Restaurant/Grill
Room overlooking walled
gardens.
- ★ A-la-carte or table d'hôte
menus.
- ★ Cocktail bar and main bar.
- ★ TV Lounges.
- ★ Free Car parking.
- ★ Uni-Sex Hairdressing
Salon.
- ★ Weekend Bargain Breaks.
- ★ 6 Conference Suites with
full facilities for hire.
- ★ Only 12 mins from Charing
Cross by British Rail.



Montpelier Row, Blackheath
London, S.E.3.

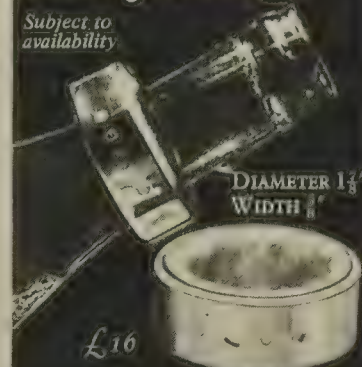
Reservations:

Telephone: 01-318 4321

Telex: 896367

**For the man
who has
everything**

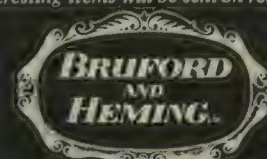
Subject to
availability



A unique drip collar which consists
of a tipped circle of hallmarked
silver in which is a removable
washable felt. It prevents the drip
staining your tablecloth.

Price includes postage, packing and
insurance anywhere.

Our brochures including other
interesting items will be sent on request.



Silversmiths & Jewellers

28 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W1R 9TA
01-629 4289 01-499 7644

For further information:

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, SWISS CENTRE
1 New Coventry Street. Tel: 01-734 1921 LONDON



THE ART OF THE FALCONER

BY MARGARET LAING

Falconry is a solitary way of life dependent on a partnership between man, bird and dog; its particular thrill lies in the beauty of flight.

Photographs by
Richard Dudley-Smith

The falcon had been working hard that afternoon and she was tired. She was also dispirited. Soaring and towering, she had "waited on" for quarry, buffeted by winds in the November sky and when no partridge came within range of her powerful eyes increasingly hungry. It began to rain and the falcon had had enough. Ignoring the anxious "hey-hey-hey" of the falconer she threw back her wet wings and plummeted from 200 feet above the Cotswold woodland, coming to rest in a tree. As usual she chose the highest perch.

It was dusk now and the falconer called her, coaxing and authority mixed in his "hey-hey-hey" carried wide on the wind, but the falcon was too wet to fly farther—the weight of her wings was dangerous. She sat tight. The falconer gave thanks to the inventor of radio telemetry; he had attached a tiny transmitter to the falcon's right leg. The lightweight Indian bell on her left leg was silent now that she was stationary, but with his receiver he could locate her exact position, and standing at the foot of the tree he estimated that she would be safe. He had feared the rooks and crows that could have mobbed her and cracked her skull as she became wetter and less able to outmanoeuvre divebomb attacks.

Night fell as the falconer walked the 1 mile home. He attended to the feeding and roosting of his other hawks on a screen perch in the mews, then sat down to keep an all-night vigil with the receiver at his side, too tense for the split-second daze that could mean losing the falcon and months of patience, persistence, pride.

More than 12 hours passed and as dawn broke the falconer pulled on his boots with tired fingers and set out towards the signal. He ➤

Tricker's finest quality bench made shoes

The Country Brogue
by Tricker's in
finest calf leather.
Tan and Black.

Available in
various fittings.

Be sure of
the best—
ask for
them by name.



MADE
IN ENGLAND
SINCE
1829

R.E. Tricker Limited,

100, Strand, London, W.C.2R

GREENWICH—LONDON

Beautifully modernised one bedroom flat in
the heart of historic Greenwich, close to
Cutty Sark, Maritime Museum, and
River, with easy access to Central London.
Available for short holiday lets, sleeps 2/4,
all mod cons. £200 per week.

Mrs V Totty, 16 Greenwich Church St.,
London SE10

LET US TRACE YOUR ANCESTORS

Windsor Ancestry Research offers an expert,
personal service tailored to suit your own
particular interests. Immediate attention to
all enquiries

Write for free brochure to
Windsor Ancestry Research (IL01)
Mountbatten House, Victoria Street,
Windsor, Berkshire, SL4 1HE
Tel. 0753 857181

BOOK PUBLISHER invites AUTHORS
to send manuscripts for publication on
subsidy terms. All categories considered
including POETRY, and NEW AUTHORS
are welcome

MERLIN BOOKS LTD.
East Hill, Braintree, Devon EX33 2LD.
Tel: (0271) 812117.

Jewellery, platinum, gold, silver and
diamonds wanted urgently. Immediate
cash available at the best prices in
London—guaranteed. Telephone:
01-450 3797 day or night—7 days a
week. Or send by registered post in
full confidence to Dept (L16), J. B.
(London) Ltd., 37 Blenheim Gardens,
London NW2 4NR.

MORE OR LESS LEUKAEMIA?

- ✿ More patient support
- ✿ More research
Nationwide
- ✿ More bone-marrow
research
- ✿ More hope than ever
- ✿ More help needed
NOW!

**LEUKAEMIA
Research Fund**

43 Great Ormond Street London
WC1N 3JJ Tel: 01-405 0101

heard a tinkle and looked up: to his amazement the falcon was flying towards him. A partridge got up from the ground immediately ahead, oblivious of the danger above. Folding her wings the falcon dived, a bullet striking at more than 80 miles an hour and the partridge was dead, instantly. It was the usual clean kill.

"And that's the only time I've ever killed a partridge before 6.30am," ended the falconer simply as he finished reliving that anxious night while he cut and filed the beak ("coped it" in technical terms) of one of his two dozen falcons and hawks, each worth between £500 and £1,500 in money alone, if no longer quite the King's ransom they were when hawking was the sport of kings. The Bayeux Tapestry shows Harold and William each with a falcon on the fist, while Henry VIII extended the death penalty not only to some wives but to all who failed to return one of his stray falcons to the royal mews at Charing Cross.

Just how remarkable the falconer's casually told tale really was had become clear by the end of a weekend course, An Introduction to Falconry, at Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe in Gloucestershire, where Henry VIII stayed with Anne Boleyn for five days and which Queen Elizabeth I visited three times. Falconry is enjoying a renaissance in this medieval setting and an early lesson is that success can never be taken for granted. Most falconers, like their beloved birds, favour a solitary and independent life: yet each is dependent on a three-way partnership, a triple alliance of man, bird and dog. For the falcon, a hunter in the wild and first trained to fly for food in the East perhaps 2,500 years ago, will kill but not retrieve, and is among the most temperamental of creatures.

On arriving at the falconer's high-fenced house with its dual security screen of dogs and electronics I stared, momentarily disbelieving my eyes, at motionless figures of birds mounted on wooden blocks: did he keep stuffed birds too? A head swivelled, then another, with unblinking eyes huge above broad, hunched shoulders and tapering bodies; these were living birds of prey, sunning themselves—the desert falcons among them especially relaxed—on a morning of glorious and unexpected sunshine.

Apart from those vigilant eyes, which see farther than a countryman with good binoculars (eyes eight times more powerful than a human's, able to sight a flying dove at 1,600



Falcons are
temperamental creatures and
leather hoods calm
them in strange environments.

metres) they are almost lethargic when they are not hungry. Falcons fly to hunt, to cool off at high altitude and to court. They spend three-quarters of their lives in the wild sitting comfortably, long-winged falcons with large feet spread on rocks and cliff perches, short-winged hawks preferring to curl their talons round branches in a tight grip. Each bird will fight for its rights: the falconer has seen a little kestrel chase his best game-hunting peregrine off its territory. They will also injure one another if tethered within reach.

Yet a few mornings previously a partridge had ambled past Brock, the keenest tiercel (male peregrine, so named because one-third smaller than the formidable female, herself known simply as a falcon). Brock had 34 partridge to his credit the previous season (his first) and recognized only one food: partridge. Yet he ignored this walking meal because it was not yet feeding-time, he was not yet "sharp set" with appetite whetted. Birds of prey hunt only for food. "Reward is the *only* training," his falconer tells us, time and again. He allows his birds to "feed on" when they are successful so a bird kills at most once in a day.

The day had dawned keen and clear but rain was forecast and I asked if it would be possible to change the timetable and see the falcons flying at quarry in the morning,

leaving the afternoon for indoor instruction. No. The birds were not yet "sharp set". Weighing each one daily is a crucial part of the falconer's routine. A quarter of an ounce can mean the difference between a perfect specimen, superbly fit and muscled-up from practice flying to the lure, and a sick, defenceless creature that could die. The falconer finds the right weight for each bird by giving it as much as it can eat until it is two-and-a-half months old, when training begins, and then dropping the ration fractionally each day until the bird responds and flies to him for food. He then writes down the bird's weight and puts it on the scales at the same time every day, both before and after its meal, subtracting the first weight from the second to calculate the amount of meat needed (approximately a quarter of its body mass). As he becomes more experienced he learns to judge the amount of food needed from the feel and eventually the look of the bird's crop, the sac-like pouch in its oesophagus where food is stored before entering the stomach. But this falconer says "a thin hawk is a dead hawk". A fat falcon will live to fly the next day; a small bird allowed in just one day to become hungry, rather than merely peckish, may not. Appetite is the key and judging it becomes an instinct.

Kestrels, the only hoverers among falcons (which all take their prey in mid-air and because of their long-pointed pinions prefer open spaces to turn), are so small and delicate that the slightest loss of weight can be fatal. Therefore this scrupulous falconer will not recommend them to beginners even though they are inexpensive. It is better to learn with the bigger, stronger hawks, the bandits that crouch in trees and drop on to rabbits, and can turn tightly in wooded country. Buzzards combine some of the qualities of both.

By the end of the morning the class have learnt about the supple and lightweight equipment used in falconry, from buckskin gloves, jesses and bells to digital watch batteries that power the transmitters. Above all there are the hoods, marvels of miniature millinery individually measured and made for each bird and fashioned of fine leather (not suede here because it could rub) in styles such as Dutch, Anglo-Indian or Bahraini, surmounted, for decoration and a handle, with heron's plumes or the elegant twist of the Turk's knot. Anticipation is a vital part of the falconer's art. A bird



upset in the morning may refuse to fly in the afternoon. Hoods are used to calm the birds especially in traveling or when encountering strange situations. In the dark they settle down quickly, convinced—"hood-winked"—it is night.

At least two birds are ready, hooded up and perched on a cadge or frame. The daily gamble is beginning and the falconer warns "One must be a bit mad to do this. So many things can go wrong." Together with the gamekeeper we set off for a freshly ploughed field in this mellow country that was the king's hunting ground for wild boar and deer as well as hawking when Mercia was the dominant kingdom in Anglo-Saxon England.

The gamekeeper spots where partridge have been sitting: "Those basins are where their backsides have been. These droppings are more recent. . . There were some here this morning." It is about 3pm. We scour one field sown with winter wheat, then another, the elegant German short-haired pointer helped in his search by a bow-legged mongrel with the gait of a sailor. The gamekeeper has tracked a covey of partridge: perhaps it is too wet for the dogs to scent the birds—though the pointer does briefly point—for it had deluged the day before and the fields are still dripping. The men talk tactics and separate to prepare a

pincer movement. The falconer has 18-month-old Brock on his fist, still hooded; the pointer is also less than two and still learning. It is like a scene from a Gloucestershire *High Noon* as the two men turn and walk slowly towards each other, eyes searching for the slightest movement, knowing they can almost step on a partridge before it will be put to flight. The dogs are sniffing. The men are closing: 200 yards, 50 yards—30—20—and suddenly a covey of 15 or 16 partridge fly up and away, all but one downhill. Brock is still hooded and it is recrimination time—the pointer should have been believed earlier, the tiercel unhooded sooner. . .

At 3.30 the trail is picked up again. There are partridge, it is a certainty, they have been marked, in a field of fodder beet. By the time we reach the far side, skirting the edge, it is just on 4pm. We spread out and walk, stumbling thigh-deep through the wet foliage, still on the Sudeley estate where Lord Ashcombe is the falconer's patron.

The falconer unhoods the tiercel. Brock rouses, fluffing his feathers and gazing about; then he is cast from the fist into the wind, sturdy wings thrusting as he rises. He catches an updraught and rings up to perhaps 300 feet where he waits on, sweeping the sky in great circles and arcs to gain height. Below him the

pointer plunges through the beet-field with vertical bounds, a quivering spring of excitement on four paws, ears flopping like limp lettuce leaves.

Overhead the tiercel still towers, then scythes suddenly down towards a spinney. "He's stooping on something . . ." begins the gamekeeper but the bird brakes by spreading his train (tail)—a peregrine has been estimated to surpass 150 miles an hour—and glides around the boundaries of the field wheeling this way and that, sometimes screened by trees, sometimes tinkling overhead, still "waiting on". Such patience in a falcon is rare.

The group and the pointer carry on, the falconer chanting his "hey-hey-hey" for the falcon to steer by and the whole field is raked—without a single partridge from the covey hiding here being put to flight. It rains in the wind. At last defeat is admitted. The falconer swings the lure and the tiercel swoops to seize and eat his meal. He has been flying for more than 30 minutes. "I feel I've let him down. Well, I have let him down," states Gary Cope, no longer only a falconer but a man who feels passionately for and with his animals. He pats the dog and consoles him in turn, "Never mind, Bracken. You'll do better next time." Sometimes the dog points at nothing, just to please him.

Brock is hooded again and the homeward trudge begins. "It's not a sport. It's an art and a way of life—my whole life is dedicated to it," explains Cope, who has nurtured an abiding passion for falcons since he was 12. "I see a piece of magic every day," he continues. "It is the most natural of hunting sports. Falcons are born hunters. If you don't want to fly them at quarry, don't have one: it's their instinct. The thrill lies in the beauty of the flight, not the kill. My best days are when the quarry have become so strong and crafty that they outwit the falcon. They will fly through a barbed-wire fence or close to rocks. From a standing start gamebirds are almost certain to get away. I've seen a falcon knock herself out while stooping. It's bird against bird. They may not be programmed to cope with the gun, but against another bird it's an even fight."

Fair game, I thought. And the next day, walking with the pale and gentle Morgan (named after le Fay, and an enchantress who owes more to Giraldu Cambrensis than to Malory) I felt for myself the pure thrill of the falcon on the fist. There is nothing like it ○

Details of weekend and two-week falconry courses, both for beginners, are available from The Estate Manager, Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL54 5JD.

One way of looking at the Parker Roller Ball.



Our favourite fountain pen story tells of a company lawyer, an eccentric old sea-captain in whose beard tribes of small birds could comfortably have been housed.

It was his habit at board meetings to produce from his satchel a tarnished silver blotter, a bottle of Quink and an old Parker fountain pen.

Humming muffled snatches of Bach, he would carefully fill his pen and wipe its nib on the blotter.

Then, fixing the assembled executives with a glittering eye, he would announce:

'Now gentlemen, I shall not mind if the minutes take hours.'

Few tales better illustrate the pleasure of writing with a good fountain pen.

Unfortunately, there are things that even our finest fountain pens cannot do.

They are no good for signing the backs of shiny new cheque cards, or pressing through the innumerable carbons of a credit card voucher. You wouldn't use one to design a bookcase on

the back of an old envelope, or to mark the timber for cutting; these are jobs for a tough ball point pen.

At Parker, we wondered if there was a way to combine the performance of a fountain pen with the versatility of a ball point pen.

The result was the pen we call Roller Ball. Our Roller Ball uses a free flowing liquid ink that is finer even than fountain pen ink.

It allows smooth, graceful curves and

the thick and thin lines that characterise good handwriting. But because the Roller Ball's tip is a tiny rolling ball of tough tungsten alloy, it can also do everything a ball point pen does.

A fountain pen that writes with a ball? It's an idea that would probably appal the gentleman in our story, but we think you may like it.

You can find out more about our revolutionary Roller Ball by writing to: The Roller Ball Laboratory, The Parker Pen Company, Newhaven, East Sussex BN9 0AU: Or, dare we suggest, by buying one.



Another.



ROLLER BALL. THE FOUNTAIN PEN THAT WRITES WITH A BALL.

 **PARKER**

MAKE YOUR MARK WITH A PARKER

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

Building towards the future

Carol Kennedy reports on the success of Britain's largest building society, its determination to keep its position and grow in other directions.



Building societies are a uniquely British phenomenon, their roots going back to the co-operative or "friendly" societies formed by craftsmen flocking from the country to the cities in the Industrial Revolution and pooling their meagre resources to build or buy homes. They are not companies with shareholders, dividends and profit-and-loss accounts—the concept of "mutuality" means they are owned by their members and responsible equally to borrowers and investors—but they have grown into one of Britain's biggest financial institutions, accounting for half the personal liquid wealth in the country. At the end of September, 1985, their collective assets totalled nearly £115,000 million.

Legislation now in the parliamentary pipeline will open up a challenging new era of "de-regulation" for building societies, enabling them to compete directly with banks, estate agents, insurance brokers and even stockbrokers in providing a wide range of financial services apart

from home loans. They will still be expected to keep 90 per cent of their business in home loans, but of the remaining 10 per cent up to 5 per cent may be lent unsecured (to buy a fridge or home furnishings, for instance), or invested in land or subsidiary companies. The latter could pave the way for the provision of guaranteed cheque facilities, conveyancing or dealing in equities. If they find 10 per cent insufficient to enable them to compete against other forms of financial business, they will be able to convert themselves—with their members' approval—to full-blown corporate status.

Most of the new powers will be limited to the biggest building societies. Recent mergers have created a trend to bigger societies that is likely to continue. By far the biggest of the 180 societies now operating in Britain is the Halifax. It has led the pack since 1913 and now has more than 10 million customer accounts, 12,000 employees and assets of £22,000 million.



Left, the vault holding 1.3 million deeds, cut into rock underneath the society's head office which dominates the town of Halifax.

All the others will watch closely to see how the Halifax moves in the new open market. So far Richard Hornby, the Halifax chairman, whose career spans 30 years with the advertising company J. Walter Thompson, 18 years as a Conservative MP and a spell as a junior minister (Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations 1963-64) is being cautious. "There are dangers in businesses going into new fields and thinking they can immediately do something profitably which others have been doing for years," he says.

Hornby has three basic criteria for any new services the Halifax may move into: do the members want it; has the society the skills to do it well; will it make a profit? "We're not looking for

loss-leaders of any kind."

For all its size, the Halifax still has only a quarter the assets of a clearing bank like Barclays, even though the deeds of one in every 10 owner-occupied houses in Britain are held in its massive head office vaults. It has a widespread presence in the high street, with more than 700 branches and 2,500 agencies, and its edge in technological innovation is visible with its recently installed network of 350 ATMs—automatic teller machines or cash dispensers. It will be a formidable competitor in the financial services free-for-all.

Established in 1852 by a group of 11 men meeting at the Old Cook Inn in Halifax, it was one of the earliest "permanent" societies which succeeded the original building societies. Instead of members' funds being pooled to buy building materials or houses in a finished transaction, permanent societies enabled people who already owned houses to invest their savings to earn interest, this money then being lent out to others

to buy homes against the secured value of the properties. It was a self-perpetuating cycle, and the principle led to the explosion in home ownership in Britain from 1919 onwards.

The Halifax Permanent Benefit Building and Investment Society, as it was ponderously known, started business in a room over a shop in the Old Market in Halifax, rented for £10 a year. The minutes of the society were entered in a school exercise book. Investors paid for shares at the rate of 2s 6d (12p) a week, and borrowers received "advanced" shares of £60 each. For both investors and borrowers the rate of interest was 5 per cent.

The first branches were opened in 1853, but it took almost a century for the Halifax to reach 100 branches: the 100th was opened in Cambridge in 1951. For 85 years the society was managed by only two men, Jonas Dearnley Taylor and Enoch, later Sir Enoch, Hill. By 1913 the Halifax Permanent was the world's biggest building society and when in 1928 it merged with the Halifax Equi-

table, second largest in the country, it became at a stroke five times bigger than its nearest rival.

Up to 1924, the year it opened its first London office at Charing Cross, it had been largely restricted to Yorkshire and Lancashire, with outposts in Durham, Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire. Today it is a thoroughly national business, with much of its managerial authority devolved to eight regional divisions, but its central "culture" remains proudly northern and its huge, diamond-shaped head office in butter-coloured Yorkshire stone is one of the largest employers in Halifax, with around 1,000 staff. That is where the 16-strong board gathers from around Britain for its meetings in the third week of each month, where strategy is planned by a special unit monitoring social, political, economic and market trends, and where the fast-moving world of finance, from the money markets of the City of London to the latest Halifax savings account which may have opened in the high street, is tracked by a

→ sophisticated battery of high technology.

The Halifax was an electronic pioneer among building societies, installing its first computer nearly 20 years ago. Business then was growing fast throughout the movement, but customer accounts and annual interest were still manually handled and calculated. The first Halifax savers accounts were transferred to the computer system in 1967. By 1970, the society was demonstrating its priorities by building a seven-storey computer centre on the site of an old brewery in the heart of Halifax, while its head office management was still housed in a rabbit warren of a Victorian building opposite the Civic Theatre. Five years later the present striking headquarters building was put up alongside the computer centre, linked to it by a bridge. From its tinted windows, which give a panoramic view of the town and its surrounding hills, one can see the grey turrets of the old head office, now a branch of the society.

Three floors of the adjacent computer building are given over to computerized business information systems, including the City Business Telephone System, in which a touch on a screen gives instant contact with London brokers and direct dialling facilities to 5,000 financial institutions with the capacity to extend to 10,000. The Halifax is the first user of the system in England outside London.

Four dealers work from this technological hub, keeping track of the movements on the London and international money markets, currency fluctuations and the state of the gilt-edged market, in which building societies have traditionally been required for stability's sake to invest most of their liquid funds. A tap on a screen reveals at a flash the latest position of Halifax investments (£3,800 million in the gilt-edged market, the day's stock market and the level of its borrowings (£1,000 million). On a normal day that office will handle between £200 million and £300 million of investment deals, the biggest day's dealings to date was £450 million.

On-line computer links with the national branch and agency system—exceeding 5,000 terminals in all—mean that transactions anywhere in the United Kingdom can be completed in two or three seconds and information such as the effect of mortgage rate changes on monthly payments, instantly transmitted between head office and branches. Branch and agency counter-top terminals enable withdrawals from customers' accounts to be made in 50 seconds and deposits in 30 seconds. The 1,200 to 1,500 mortgage applications made every day through Halifax branches are also greatly speeded up and simplified. As a protective back-up to the £40 million computer centre in Halifax, a second entire system was recently installed some 25 miles away.

High technology also lives in a vault cut deep into the rock two levels under the headquarters building. There the society keeps (as obliged by law) the 1.3 million deeds of all the properties mortgaged to it. Bundles of documents, many of them going back centuries, are

stored in 40,000 containers held in towering steel racks, aisles of them stretching away like some cathedral of proprietorship. Whenever the Deeds Administration Department six floors above needs to check a document, a computer-controlled robot mechanism tracks along the aisles and up or down the racks to select the right container, pulling it out like a drawer onto a conveyor system. From there it goes to an underground workstation where the operator picks out the wanted deeds from the 49 others the container may hold. About 5,000 deeds are moved around the system each day and the entire operation from deep storage to a desk in the Deeds Administration takes about five minutes. The vault in its rock shell is so impregnable that a senior executive said "if the whole building fell upon it, it would still be secure." Home-owners who have paid off their Halifax mortgage but sent somewhere safe to keep their deeds are entitled to use free of charge.

Without the intensive computer technology of the Halifax at his fingertips, the job of Daniel Gilchrist, general manager in charge of strategic planning, would be very much harder. His department of about a dozen people, including four economists and two statisticians, is kept busy collecting and analysing a mass of information "coming at us from all directions." It pours in daily from databanks, press reports, branch intelligence, conversations, news developments, covering everything from what the competition is up to in attracting new business, to social and economic indicators and market research on customers' likely future needs.

The new freedom to compete in financial services has meant an "enormous increase" in the volume and flow of business needing to be processed. A recent new development, for example, was the National Home Loans Corporation, the nearest thing to a publicly quoted building society, which trades portfolios of mortgages on the Stock Exchange.

The banks have become much sharper competitors on both the savings and mortgage lending sides. Their introduction of higher interest accounts set the building societies leap-frogging each other with ever more tempting rates for savers. On my visit, for example, Gilchrist's staff were wondering whether the banks would undercut the societies' latest mortgage rate cut, and indeed whether they might develop an entirely new kind of mortgage product. Hitherto, banks have concentrated on the larger mortgage with its spin-off business, whereas societies pride themselves on lending right across the board.

Finding out what your customers want should be easier when they own you than in a normal commercial operation. In practice you can scarcely invite nearly nine million people (more than 7.5 million savers, 1.3 million borrowers) to the annual general meeting.

"We've always claimed that we were a member-driven organization," says Gilchrist, "but in the past it tended to be more in the sense of reacting to members' needs rather than, as we are trying

New opportunities are welcomed by chief general manager John Spalding and chairman Richard Hornby, though both are anxious not to rush into ventures unnecessarily.

now, to anticipate and foresee them."

A building society is a customer-related business. Even a successful slogan like "Get a little Xtra from the Halifax" can backfire if a dissatisfied customer chooses to turn it against them. "We are not at the sharp end, here at head office—the cashiers and branch managers are," says Jim Murgatroyd, assistant general manager responsible for the society's public affairs. "We spend a lot of time working on this area." Murgatroyd, 25 years with the Halifax, has been a branch manager; head office staff are expected to gain experience in the field—to be "pushed back in the shop." Senior management is a mixture of former branch managers and specialists, some recruited from outside.

The Halifax was, it believes, a pioneer in decentralizing decision-making to branch level. "By pushing the decisions down to where the information exists, you get a much more effective organization," says Gilchrist. There are very few decisions affecting a customer which a branch manager would have to refer upwards, says Murgatroyd. "The manager has the freedom to commit the society to all but the highest level of mortgage, and even if it went wrong on us, which it very rarely does, we would stand by it."

Branch managers are generally appointed in their 30s, and more women are now progressing

to this level with the society's encouragement, though considering that two-thirds of all Halifax staff are women, they remain a tiny proportion.

To keep in touch with the branches, the chairman and his non-executive directors between them last year visited 150 branches around the country, Hornby himself seeing almost 50. "It's important to hear what the staff in the field have to say," he believes. As with other building societies, which see their boards as guardians of members' interests and advisers to the executive, the Halifax board is largely non-executive and drawn from a broad spectrum of business experience. With four executive directors out of 16, the Halifax is probably stronger on the executive side than most societies.

Its non-executive directors include the personal director of Unilever; former Chief Cashier of the Bank of England (J. S. Hodge); a former Ombudsman (Sir Iddow Pugh); the senior partner in a leading Manchester law firm; a former deputy chairman of BAT Industries; the deputy chairman of John Gove, the investment trust managers; a senior stockbroker and a tax commissioner. The vice-chairman to Richard Hornby is Sir James Whitaker, a Nottinghamshire landowner with investment trust experience.

Hornby, 63 and a non-executive chairman, was invited to join the Halifax as a member of its London advisory committee, which provides links with the City, Whitehall and Parliament. His predecessor had come up through the society and been general manager. The executive directors, headed by the chief general manager John

Spalding, have mainly been home-grown, though Spalding started as a solicitor and local government official.

The board's main decisions affecting customers concern changes in the interest rate. There have been seven in the last two years. The big societies are freer now to take initiatives as the cartel effect of the Building Societies Association has weakened. Fluctuating interest rates and their likely impact on home loans are monitored by the board and forecasts are updated at policy committee meetings. "Sometimes we may want to move faster than waiting for the next board meeting," says Hornby. Changes in the competitive position, questions of market share, would all influence the decision. Within agreed guidelines, the four executive directors have authority to move the rate after consulting Hornby and the vice-chairman.

Reflecting on the pressures of increased competition, Hornby says: "At any particular moment someone may be offering something better than we are in some part of their portfolio, but across the board we would like to feel that our members get as good a deal, hopefully a slightly better one, than elsewhere." Customers are more volatile than they used to be—they are more sophisticated, there is more choice, they do move their funds around more, so we must be able to provide products that compete." There has been a steady move away from the paid-up share account with immediate access and a lower rate of interest, towards those offering a higher investment return; a society has to get the mix right between

the different types of saver to ensure enough money is attracted in to meet mortgage demand.

This year the Halifax took the plunge into the Eurobond market to top up its funds at a cheaper rate of interest than available at home. Top-up funding helps disperse the mortgage queues, a prime objective since Hornby took the Halifax chair in 1983, but one which sharpens the competition for mortgage rates no less than for investment rates. "It's up to us to raise funds in the most economical way we can to provide for borrowers, but our retail source is our strength and will remain so."

Looking to the free-for-all future, he is not convinced that the public will rush headlong for the concept of one-stop financial shopping. "I think people quite like shopping around a bit, and there is always the question of having too many eggs in one basket—people think about that." He believes strongly that the public's confidence in the building society movement, built up over the decades, must "in no way be damaged by any rash ventures."

He thinks building societies may diverge more. "We certainly won't feel bound to go into some field just because someone else is doing it." Any new areas they enter, he indicates, will be "related in some way to the main thrust of home ownership and related services." (Estate agency is an obvious area, but one still in the realm of speculation.)

The new opportunities opened up by the Green Paper are certainly welcomed by the Halifax: its chief executive, after all, headed the Spalding Committee which produced it. John Spalding feels the public would like "more of a simple, personal banking service than the law allows so far as it goes to give at the moment". Specifically, on the lending side, he envisages sharing with other secured loans for housing-related purposes like furnishings, "probably at first to our existing 1.3 million members buying their own homes, whose ability to pay we have already assessed... I think our present relationship with our customers places us in a unique position to take advantage of such new powers."

The Halifax might, he indicates, buy an existing broking or consumer finance business, but "we want our customers to come to our branches. We don't want extra services to mean a different relationship with our customers."

Diversification will probably be a slow process, but the building societies are looking a long way ahead. Richard Hornby wants to see the Halifax "continuing to be recognized as the principal source of mortgage finance in this country". Sixty per cent of households are already owner-occupied, and this figure is likely to level out before the end of the century somewhere in the 70 to 80 per cent bracket. It is then that the freedom to operate elsewhere will pay off. Ultimately, says Hornby, "one has to look to the day when a plateau is reached in the traditional market, and businesses that stand still are apt to decline." ○

Carol Kennedy is Deputy Editor of *The Investor*.

THE FINEST MACHINERY CAN'T
PRODUCE A DUNHILL PEN. ELEVEN CRAFTSMEN CAN.



At Dunhill the search for perfection will never cease.
Only when Dunhill is satisfied a craftsman has produced an item as near perfect as humanly possible will it receive the stamp of approval.



The Dunhill fountain pen. Fifty years ago, the first Dunhill pen was crafted to be the ultimate pen. Today those same standards apply. It takes no less than eleven craftsmen to produce the nib itself. Even the cap of the pen has been designed with a special housing device to protect and guide the nib into its correct position.

ALFRED DUNHILL'S PHILOSOPHY:
IT MUST BE USEFUL. IT MUST WORK DEPENDABLY. IT MUST BE BEAUTIFUL.
IT MUST LAST. IT MUST BE THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

dunhill

SMITHFIELD

*Smithfield Market**Edna Lumb*

Smithfield is London's oldest and largest wholesale meat, poultry and game market, spread over some 10 acres in EC1 between Charterhouse Street and West Smithfield, off Farringdon Road. Although its history goes back to medieval times the present market dates from the mid 19th century, when the sale of live cattle was transferred to the Metropolitan Cattle Market in Islington and Sir Horace Jones designed a typically grand arcaded building, with elaborate dragons carved all over the place, to house the Central Meat Market. It opened in 1868 and remains virtually unchanged today, though the poultry section was rebuilt in 1958 following a fire and the underground railway sidings beneath the

main hall, closed in the early 1960s, have been turned into a car park.

Originally known as the "smooth field", this area outside the old City walls was first used as a weekly livestock market in late Saxon times. The field also provided a convenient open space for exercise and entertainment. Jousting was held there, and so, for seven centuries, was the annual St Bartholomew's Fair, until it was suppressed by the Victorians because of the riotous debauchery that invariably attended it.

Smithfield was also used for public executions, until the gallows were removed to Tyburn, and it was here that many martyrs were burned at the stake during the reign of Mary Tudor.

As building spread around the market there were increasing complaints about the smell and flies, the blood flowing from the slaughter of cattle, and the chaos caused by the driving of animals through the neighbouring streets. But it was not until 1852, with the passing of the Smithfield Removal Act, that the market was finally turned from live to dead meat.

Today Smithfield operates from 5am to 9am on Mondays to Fridays, but its future as a market is far from secure. Christmas is its busiest time, and though it is a wholesale market the enterprising individual shopper will generally be able to buy himself a turkey there.

JAMES BISHOP



GRANT'S. THE STUFF THAT DRAMS ARE MADE OF



Owned and managed by the Grant family, distillers of the finest whisky since 1887.

In the tomb of the Nan Yue king

Chinese archaeologist Huang Zhanyue examines the importance of the astonishing wealth of goods found in the burial place of a Nan Yue sovereign.



Following its disappearance 2,000 years ago the ancient kingdom of Nan Yue was known to the Chinese only through some tantalizing fragmentary references in the official histories of the Han dynasty (206 bc to ad 220) and some references in popular novels. Then in August, 1983, in Guangzhou city (Canton) after workmen had levelled the top of Xianggang Hill while laying building foundations, the roof of what turned out to be the tomb of Nan Yue's second king was discovered.

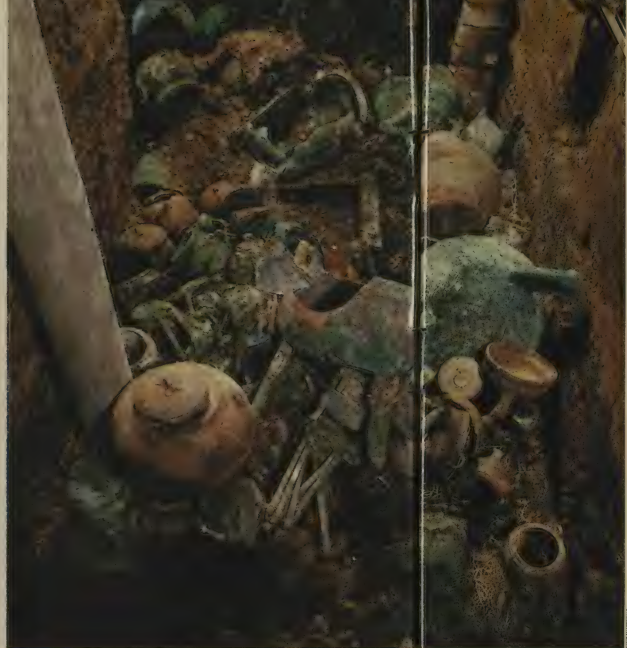
Encompassing the present-day Guangdong province and the Guangxi Zhuang autonomous region, and extending far down the southern coast into what is now part of Vietnam, the kingdom flourished from 203 to 111 bc under five rulers. Ancient documents such as the *Records of the Historian and History of the Han Dynasty* give bare accounts of the royal lineage and struggles within the ruling group, but say absolutely nothing about the economy or culture of the kingdom. I had the privilege of taking part in the excavation of this magnificent underground burial place, and of cataloguing and examining the several thousand objects found there. The work in the tomb created the feeling of actually being in the small royal court in south China, more than 2,000 years ago.

The tomb lies about 20 metres from the top of stony Xianggang Hill, in a large pit paved with flagstones. It has two sections: the front section consists of three chambers for the storage of carts, musical instruments,

drinking vessels, weapons and so on; the rear section has four chambers, with the main chamber, which enshrines the king's body, in the middle. The chambers are partitioned off by stone walls, five of them have rotten wooden doors, while the front chamber and the main chamber have stone doors, which were sealed. The stone doors, walls and roof have black-and-vermillion decorations in the pattern of curling clouds. The zigzag cave-tomb gives the impression of an underground labyrinth.

The king lay in a coffin within an outer coffin, both coated with red lacquer. He was dressed in a jade burial suit, his face covered with a jade mask. Both were made of dozens of carefully polished jade pieces. Around the body were a dozen large jade plaques. At each side of the king were 10 iron swords. His chest was covered with jade ornaments and strings of beads made of gold, silver, jade, glass and turquoise. Near the head and feet of the body were spread out jade ornaments and silver and lacquered boxes containing valuable herbal and mineral medicines.

The eight seals attached to the body prove that the tomb occupant was the second sovereign of the Nan Yue kingdom, who is believed to have died between 123 and 120 bc. The biggest seal, a gold one with a dragon-shaped knob, is engraved with the characters: Emperor Wen Di's Seal. The other gold seal has a turtle-shaped knob and carries the characters: Crown Prince. A jade seal



carries the king's name, "Zhao Mei", and another has the characters: Emperor's Seal. The characters on the seals corroborate the historical accounts, the only difference being that in the ancient documents the name of the second ruler of the Nan Yue kingdom is "Zhao Hu"; the find presumably puts the record straight. The tomb yielded several thousand burial accessories, ranking first both in quantity and variety among all the Han dynasty tombs excavated south of the Wu Ling (Five Ridges) mountains (modern Guangdong and Guangxi).

There are articles and vessels of bronze, pottery, iron, gold, silver, jade, ivory, lacquer, bamboo and wood, as well as silk-woven apparel, medicine, fowls and animals such as oxen, pigs and goats, and fish, clams, other sea products and fruit. There are also chariots, horses and tents, and the skeletons of the king's household slaves, both men and women.

The tomb had not been disturbed. The main chamber symbolizes the king's bedroom. On the left of the coffin is a lacquered screen with a

bronze frame 5 metres in length. In front of the screen are seven bronze lampstands, in the shape of curling dragons, peacocks and animal faces. The lampstands have 13 candlesticks. Candles were lit during the burial ceremony to provide light for the dead king in the other world. Bundles of iron swords, spears and halberds and bronze crossbow triggers as well as hundreds of iron and bronze arrowheads and lead sling pellets lay on the right of the coffin, showing the kingdom's involvement in warfare.

Some 14 people had been buried alive with the dead sovereign, four of them were his concubines. Their coffins, coated with lacquer, were placed in the eastern chamber in the rear section of the tomb, and each was dressed in beautiful and precious gold and jade ornaments.

Among the 500-odd bronze articles are complete sets of tripods, square-mouthed wine vessels and water pots originating from central China, at that time culturally the most advanced part of the country. There are also complete sets of Nan Yue-style tripods, ornamental plates

with patterns similar to those of the Han, two sets of bronze chime-bells, one set of chime-cymbals inscribed with the characters "The Ninth Year of Emperor Wen Di", two dozen incense burners and more than 30 bronze mirrors, all of refined workmanship and beautiful decoration.

Other articles of unique craftsmanship include belt hooks in different forms and of various materials, silver wine vessels, a jade wine cup and an ivory cup. Except for the seals and jewelry, all the burial accessories were arranged according to their uses. They were all placed in order on wooden planks, and most of them had been put in bamboo cases, or wrapped in straw or linen bags, or bound with hemp rope or rattan. The funerary objects had to be examined and sealed up by the official in charge of the royal kitchen.

The discoveries are evidence that the Nan Yue kingdom was not so

barbarous and backward as was believed by some historians. Although it was an independent régime and its first and second rulers overstepped the title of king and appointed themselves emperor, there seems to be little difference between its culture and those of the vassal states of the Han emperors.

The Nan Yue king's tomb has multiple-side chambers in its cave-like location. Such a tomb pattern conforms to that of Prince Zhongshan, excavated at Mancheng, Hebei province, in 1968, and dated roughly from the same period. The jade suits of both are similar. During the Han dynasty jade burial apparel was used for dressing the corpses of emperors, empresses, vassal princes and their concubines. The jade suit of the second sovereign of the Nan Yue kingdom imitates the Han style.

In the early days of the Han dynasty the vassal princes were allowed to establish their own administrative centres after the pattern of the capital, Chang'an, or present-day Xi'an which was later moved to Luoyang. From the seals, inscriptions, and characters engraved on pottery articles we found the names of such Han dynasty institutions as "Changle Palace", "Private Official", "Tai Official" and "Official in charge of Kitchen".

While some of the burial accessories betray local characteristics, the rest are nearly the same in form and pattern as those of central China at that time. Generally, the pottery and bronzes, modelled after Han examples, were made locally, while lacquerware, silk fabrics and jade articles were imported from the hinterland. This shows that during the 93 years of its existence, the kingdom carried on steady material and cultural intercourse with central China, the newly modern Han lands (Hubei provinces), while maintaining its political independence.

Iron implements of a high standard were used extensively in farming, lumbering, boatbuilding and construction, as well as in handicrafts. Despite the fact that the iron swords, halberds, spears and arrowheads are now corroded with rust, their original strength and sharpness is easily appreciated.

Trade relations between Nan Yue and south-east Asia, and even farther afield, seem to have been brisk. The finds in the tomb of elephant ivory and ivory ornaments, agate, crystal and glass beads and incense woods confirm theories of barter trade carried on via the "southern silk road", a sea route which stretched from China as far as the west coast of Africa, and with flourishing exports before Emperor Qin Shi Huang Di unified China for the first time in 221 bc. The astonishing wealth of this tomb shows that it was Nan Yue which channelled the exotic produce of far-off lands to the centre of Chinese civilization.



Lynda Ellis is incurable. But she's learning to live again.

Lynda Ellis was young, bright and outgoing. She taught domestic science. Until she had a car crash.

Severe head injuries left her without speech and blind in one eye. Nine months later, still unconscious and with little hope of recovery, Lynda was admitted to the RHHI.

With the individual attention we can give all our 270 patients, Lynda is now improving. She can now use her arms, her hearing is returning, and our speech therapist is teaching her to talk again. Her fellow teachers are amazed at the transformation.

We are a registered charity (No. 205907) and rely upon donations, covenants and legacies. Please remember us.

The Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables.

Dept ILE, West Hill, Putney, London SW15 3SW.
Patrons: HM The Queen and HM The Queen Mother.
Director of Appeals:
Air Commodore D.F. Ruxton, OBE, DFC, AFC.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM SMYTHSON

Christmas can never be complete without a gift from Smythson. Here one finds a treasure-house of gifts, exclusive stationery, fine leathergoods, diaries, address books and sporting journals, record books and desk top accessories. Whether it's a little something or a little more, look no further than Smythson.



Reproduction Victorian Playing Card Set, 2 packs, available in black or red, only £495

Merion and Garsia Register Leatherbound, a variety of colours, from £275

Set of 4 Silver Bridge Pens £495



54 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0DE. Telephone: 01-429 8558
We are pleased to accept telephone orders from Account Customers or holders of American Express, Diners, Visa and Access cards

A Collector's Christmas Gift
14 famous people choose
My Favourite BETJEMAN

You'll find your own favourites too in this collection of 14 favourite Betjeman poems, chosen by:
Sir Geoffrey Howe, Lady Wilson, Lord Murray, Prunella Scales, Kingsley Amis, Sir Hugh Casson, Barry Humphries, Professor Marsden, Virginia Wade, Mike Yarwood, Thora Hird, Sir John Gielgud, Daphne du Maurier and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The whole book beautifully illustrated and for the benefit of sufferers from Parkinson's Disease.
A marvellous Christmas gift. Collectors' First Edition now available £6.95 including postage. (Paperback also available £3.95 including postage.)

THE PARKINSON'S DISEASE SOCIETY
36 Portland Place, London W1N 3DG

ANCESTRY TRACING

no longer costs a fortune if you use our services.

Write at once giving brief family details for free estimate to:

KINTRACERS LIMITED
2 Churchwood Close,
Rough Common, Canterbury, Kent.
Tel: 0227-464740.

An exhibition about an historic nation that will amaze, excite, educate and entertain

Sea Finland

Until 5 Jan. National Maritime Museum,
Greenwich Tel: 01-858 4422
Mon-Fri 10.00-17.00, Sat 10.00-17.30
Sun 14.00-17.00

10 MINUTES HOLIDAY A DAY

WITH THE **INVERSION CHAIR**
BANISHES THE TENSION AND STRESS OF MODERN LIVING

Now for complete relaxation! Find sure and quick relief from mental and physical stress with "The Relaxator". Wonderful design - feet-above-head curved suspension so restful and refreshing and it's so easy to control position.

Send today for free brochure. RELAXATOR Dept. 11N
INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, WEST MOLESEY, SURREY.
Tel: 01-941 2555.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

For full details and costs of small advertisements, and how they can work for you, contact

ANDRÉE CACKETT
Tel: 01-928 6969 x 4127

MOTORING

Engineered for efficiency

Stuart Marshall evaluates the new 200-300 Mercedes-Benz mid-size range

Daimler-Benz, which celebrates its centenary next year, is a pioneering company that has prospered since its foundation. This year its sales in Germany have increased by 19 per cent, even though the market as a whole has fallen by nearly 8 per cent. It is the unquestioned quality leader in Europe, enjoying world-wide prestige unmatched by any other volume manufacturer, and is extremely profitable at a time when many car makers are losing money.

Traditionally Daimler-Benz has been a conservative company, researching new ideas at enormous expense before deciding whether to put them on the market. In Europe, ownership of a Mercedes-Benz car is such a symbol of financial success and maturity that Daimler-Benz have become concerned that its products might be considered "old men's cars". The introduction of the smaller 190 model two years ago was intended to broaden the base of Mercedes-Benz ownership and attract a younger buyer.

It was an effective ploy, enabling Daimler-Benz to gain an extra share of the market from its rivals. But the new owners proved reluctant to trade up to the mid-sized 200-300 Mercedes-Benz cars. These were seen, quite rightly, to be long in the tooth and thus unattractive to the younger buyer.

The 200-300 saloons, coupés and estate cars had been all-time best sellers for Daimler-Benz, with more than 2.6 million built and sold between 1976 and the autumn of last year, when they went out of production. They were replaced by a new mid-size range, which seems likely to beat the old 200-300 models' record.

These new cars, also known as the 200-300 range, recently arrived in Britain with right-hand drive. They are already well known on the Continent, where more than 100,000 have been sold since the beginning of the year.

In Britain the new 200-300 cars, aided by the compact 190 models, are expected to increase Mercedes-Benz sales to nearly 20,000 cars in 1986 compared with a forecast 18,000 for this year. The cars have been on sale here since Motorfair in October but most of the first consignment were pre-sold to customers who ordered early. British buyers have a choice of four petrol-engined versions and two diesels. Comprising the former are a 200 with a four-cylinder carburettor engine, a fuel-injected 2.3 litre four-cylinder and a pair of in-line sixes of

2.6 litres' and 3 litres' capacity. The diesels are a five-cylinder 2.5 litre and a 3 litre six-cylinder.

The old 200-300 cars had become Europe's favourite taxis and, astonishingly, the identical-looking 280E, with a twin overhead camshaft petrol engine, was popular among hard-driving business people. Nothing better illustrates the universal appeal of a car renowned for durability, longevity and the best of engineering. The new 200-300 range also includes a four-cylinder 200 diesel which will unquestionably replace the old 200 as Europe's taxi. But it will not be brought into Britain, or at any rate not yet. Costly diesel cars are bought by business users who would not think much of the 200D's lethargic acceleration.

The British market specification includes power steering, central locking, tinted windows and cloth trim on all models. Prices are from £12,500 for the 200 to £17,840 for the 300E; the diesels are £13,790 for the 250D, £15,600 for the 300D. Optional extras can inflate these figures considerably.

For example, the four-cylinder models have five-speed manual gearboxes as standard and if a buyer wants the Daimler-Benz four-speed automatic transmission, it adds £658 to the price. The six-cylinder cars all have the automatic as standard though manual gears are a no-cost option. I cannot imagine more than a handful of buyers wanting the manual alternative as the Mercedes-Benz automatic is supreme in its field.

Last September, before it was released on the market, I drove a new right-hand steering 230E automatic to Frankfurt and back for the motor show and then used it for a further 750 miles in Britain. The optional automatic suited my mood to perfection. When driven economically, it slipped into top at 30 mph. On the autobahn, where I exploited my freedom to go as fast as I liked legally, it would hold third to 80 mph. On winding and hilly country roads, the instant manual change between third and top and back again, requiring only a finger flick on the selector, was invaluable.

The power outputs of the new cars range from 109 bhp to 188 bhp in those with petrol engines; the diesels have 90 and 109 bhp respectively. The petrol cars have maximum speeds ranging from 117 mph for the 200 manual, which needs some time to reach that figure, to 141 mph for the 300E, which has the fierce acceleration to please a hustling driver.

Sensible gearing and superb aerodynamics, plus efficient engine design, make the new Mercedes-Benz 200-300 models most economical. My 29 mpg in the 230E over nearly 2,000 miles could, I am sure, be bettered in Britain where 100 mph-plus motorway cruising is both unwise and illegal.

The diesels are extraordinarily quiet because the engines are partly encapsulated in sound-damping material. Although even more economical than their petrol equivalents, they will cruise at three-figure speeds on the autobahn. Gently driven, a 300D automatic will still yield a consumption of up to 35 mpg. My 230E was so quiet on the autobahn that, without looking at the speedometer, I had no idea whether I was doing 70 mph or 110 mph, at which there was still at least 10 more miles per hour in reserve.

The new 200-300 cars have the five-link independent rear suspension first seen on the 190 model. It provides exceptionally safe handling on poor surfaces and at high cornering speeds but at the expense of an occasional restlessness of ride that rear-seat passengers will notice more than those in the front. That, and the traditional Mercedes-Benz hardness of upholstery, are about the only points worthy of criticism.

A new kind of wiper mechanism allows the huge single blade to go right into the corners of the windscreen. The window glass is all flush fitted, which helps keep wind noise down to a remarkably low level. There are no synthesized voices to inform (and irritate) the driver, nor any kind of electronic gimmickry. The instruments are proper round dials, marked white on black with orange needles. There is still no better way of giving a driver information, or so I believe.

The kind of driver who regards motoring as a sporting challenge may find the new Mercedes 200-300 bland, but he will have to stand in awe of its engineering and efficiency. The truth is that Mercedes-Benz cars are about efficiency rather than excitement. This is the secret of their appeal to business people and others who depend on a car to be at their command 24 hours a day, 365 days a year and who tolerate nothing less than 100 per cent reliability. I can think of no other cars in their price class that can offer such comfortable and swift travel, nimbleness that makes them easy to drive in town and the promise of high retained value after years of good service ○

REVIEWS



DAREY WILLIAMS

BALLET Inspiration from Egypt

BY URSULA ROBERTSHAW

The Egyptian goddess Isis is credited with having had performed the first mummification, in order to ensure that her dead husband, Osiris, would have all he needed to enjoy the afterlife. To this end his various entrails, enclosed in canopic jars, were entrusted to the four sons of Horus.

In his latest ballet for the Royal Ballet David Bintley has taken this myth as his jumping-off point and inspiration for a pure dance work, admirably decorated by Terry Bartlett and with a fine atmospheric score by Peter McGowan. *The Sons of Horus* has little literal content and no mime (thank goodness: imagine what a coarser hand might have done with the grislier side of viscera preservation).

It begins with a fine mourning solo for Isis, danced by Lesley Collier with authority and a convincing though contained grief. Great use is made of

gesture, much of it clearly deriving from Egyptian wallpaintings, of hieratic attitudes and of the body seen in profile. Then come four solos for the guardians, with attendant female mourners: Qebhsnuf the falcon-headed (Mark Silver) has soaring leaps with fast footwork; Hapi the monkey-headed (Stephen Jefferies, working his usual enchantment with the audience) has movements both simian and funny—and Jefferies can be trusted to milk for comedy—often entailing leaps which end with a crash on the floor; Imsety the human-headed (Anthony Dowell) is given a tender and consolatory *pas de deux* with Isis; and Duamutef the jackal-headed (Ashley Page) has a whirling solo, strong and speedy.

The ballet ends with an impressive ritual journey to the Field of Reeds, the afterlife, as the mourners, singly or in groups, each different and imaginatively composed, move upstage; and as the painted tomb-wall backcloth rises into the flies they vanish into the darkness beyond, leaving Isis alone to mourn, her attitude mirroring that with which the ballet opened.

The Sons of Horus is quite different from anything Bintley has done so far, but it impresses, as does his other work, by its pure dance invention and its imaginative use of the corps. Notice for example how the eight attendants of Qebhsnuf, who is in charge of the intestines, chain and twine, coil and stretch, as the god

Mark Silver as Qebhsnuf the falcon-headed, one of the four sons of Horus, with the corps, in Bintley's new ballet.

passes by them and through them: nothing literal but the imagery of the loops and convolutions of these particular viscera is there.

Bintley is full of surprises, most of them pleasant. We wait with eagerness to see what he will do next.

THEATRE

A taste of honey at the National

BY J. C. TREWIN

Sir John Gielgud said once, in a charming understatement, that Valentine's "mad" masquerade in Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695)—now at the Lyttelton—was "fun to play". Indeed, the entire comedy is what has been called, in another context, "honey to act". Is it honey for an audience as well? It can be; but it is a piece that has to develop on acquaintance.

According to its dramatist, it was a comic poet's business to "paint the vices and follies of human kind", and this—consider only the astrologer

Foresight—can be a mosaic of "humours" in the Jonsonian sense. Or maybe we can say that most of the people are mad north-north-west, with the possible exception of Ben, the young salt, now appropriately supplied with parrot and kitbag, who looks on the world with constant surprise, and who is performed with nautical command by Neil Daglish. He is especially good in his dutiful proposal to Miss Prue (Sally Dexter does not underplay the girl's naivety): "Look you, forsooth, I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony."

The audience is less concerned with how these folk behave than with what they say and how the cast expresses it. Peter Wood, the director, has had to ensure both that the complex action does not blur the speech and that the comedy remains intact. On the whole it works.

Valentine has long been regarded as the major part, and the man can dominate, though Shaw, I believe, towards the end of his life, was condemnatory: "poor and second-rate". (A certain envy, no doubt.) I remember Gielgud's virtuosity: and at present so quick and responsive an actor as Stephen Moore cannot match that zestful vocal grace. True, he is always looking out for the fun, but his speech is sometimes harsher than one would like.

The characters apt to challenge Valentine are Ben "half home-bred and half sea-bred", and the ➤➤➤

➤ resolute "Turk" Tattle whom the dramatist, so sharp at summarizing his characters, fixes as "a half-witted beau, vain of his amours, yet valuing himself for secrecy". The National's Ben has all we need in a hornpipe of a part that, idiomatically, reaches across the years to Ralph Rackstraw and Dick Dauntless (who also had a clear conscience for his binnacle light), a pair of Gilbertian tars whom Ben might greet with brotherly affection. Tim Curry's Tattle, petulant and sleekly lisping, slides into our imagination as the night proceeds. If the part has to seem a trifle thin at first (like the play, it takes time to get going), this Tattle joins Sara Kestelman's Mrs Frail in heightening the post-marriage alarms.

Still, doubtless the planet of the revival is that walking safe-deposit, Michael Bryant's Sir Sampson Legend. This is the part that, in an earlier production, the late A. V. Cookman praised for "pig-headed splendour", something certainly applicable now to Mr Bryant: as in most of his performances he avoids the obvious, and the old ogre moves freshly from Congreve's text.

All these uncommonly articulate personages are manoeuvred in Bruce Snyder's recreation of the Lila de Nobili sets for Mr Wood's production of 20 years ago: Valentine's angled, cluttered lodging, like a sepia sketch, and the mellow domestic architecture of the Foresight courtyard and terrace. *Love for Love* shows again that it is honey to act, but I wish (a little ungratefully) that it could always be honey to hear.

OPERA

Resuscitating Gounod's masterpiece

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Although Gounod would probably recognize the version of his *Faust* now being performed at the Coliseum, it would be unfamiliar to all those audiences on both sides of the Channel who for a century wallowed in its melodious score and its blend of sentimentality spiced with sin and retribution. For English National Opera have in the main reverted to the *opéra-comique* first heard in Paris at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859. This was subsequently reworked by the composer into the familiar form in which it became established as one of the most popular and successful grand operas ever written even though a cumbersome and, towards the end, disjointed work which presents various problems in staging.



Helen Field as Marguerite in Ian Judge's new production of *Faust* for ENO.

Now shorn of the ballet which had to be tacked on when it transferred in 1869 to the Paris Opéra and of substantial passages of the accompanied recitative, the score is more compact. With the original spoken dialogue restored and in Ian Judge's imaginative production—a notable operatic début—helped by John Gunter's smooth-running, unfussy sets, the action flows more freely and the characters gain in sharpness of definition. They have updated the story to Victorian times using simple but evocative dark backgrounds, switching to white for the final scene: gone are the pantomime extremes of good and evil, the virtuous, modest heroine, the gambling demon king, the bent and bearded old philosopher.

Marguerite has become a skittish girl, intrigued by her first sight of Faust at the *kermesse*, although she runs away from him, then lolling in her underwear on huge cushions in her comfortable house yearning for him. The ingenuous charm of Helen Field's performance and the freshness and radiance of her singing contribute to a masterly portrayal which reaches a climax in the soaring lines of "Anges purs". Mr Judge achieves a real *coup de théâtre* by setting this scene in a madhouse where the silent inmates wander aimlessly, guarded by white-robed nuns, and cluster in a telling final tableau around Marguerite's lifeless corpse.

The darkly sinister but restrained Mephistopheles, owing a distinct debt to Stravinsky's Nick Shadow, is resonantly and richly sung by John Tomlinson and portrayed with subtlety and black humour. Arthur Davies sings with suitable ardour and virility as the rejuvenated Faust, a transformation simply carried out by Marguerite removing his spectacles and running her fingers through his hair. The orchestra plays with polish and precision under Jacques Delacôte, a major factor in the success of this resuscitation exercise.

CINEMA

Fairy story blurs its target

BY GEORGE PERRY

Ridley Scott is among that group of extraordinarily talented British directors whose early success stemmed less from television drama or fringe film-making, more from the dazzling visual style and effectiveness of their television commercials. It would be incorrect to dismiss that area of production as of little consequence—the disciplines are very tight, given such a short running time in which to make an impact. However, budgets are often such that it has been possible to develop innovative techniques which have later crossed the frontier into mainstream film-making.

Scott's films are few, only four in eight years: *The Duellists*, produced by David Puttnam and winner of the Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1977; *Alien*, a chilling science fiction story, the belated sequel to which is now being directed by James Cameron; and *Blade Runner*, a bleak future view of the urban nightmare which fared less well at the box office than it deserved. His fourth film, *Legend*, is his most ambitious, a fairy story fabricated for a modern audience, utilizing certain traditional elements—a forest, a princess, the death of a unicorn, a battle between the forces of evil and innocence.

But one is forced to ask, just who is his audience? Neil Jordan recently faced a similar problem with *The Company of Wolves*, but managed to ensure that even though the Red Riding Hood theme was central to the film's plot the psychological appeal was addressed to adults. Ridley Scott has blurred the target, a surprising error for a man so versed in the needs of advertisers.

There is a love story, with the princess fetchingly played by a young actress called Mia Sara and Tom Cruise as Jack o' the Green, a forest-dwelling youth who has linguistic rapport with the animals. There is an array of grotesque creatures, goblins friendly and less so, sprites, elves, dwarves and a truly horrific villain, Darkness, played by Tim Curry in overwhelming make-up, who uses the death of the unicorn as a means to make the world his own black empire. The girl falls into his clutches, is dragged to his subterranean palace to be transformed from white to black and to become his queen, and the only thing that can save her is the love and daring of Jack and his band.

Putting aside the occasionally horrific scenes, particularly those involving Tim Curry, the story is on a level to interest a 13-year-old girl. It is spectacular—of that there is no doubt—and Alex Thomson's lighting conjures up a magical forest full of shafting beams of sunlight, changing into a wintry wilderness as the power of evil engulfs it.

Scott commissioned William Hjortsberg to fashion the screenplay, mingling elements of *Tristan and Isolde* with the Brothers Grimm, and the production designer Assheton Gorton to build a forest on the world's largest film stage, at Pinewood, which was then filled with birds, animals and vegetation, some real, some specially fabricated for this production.

In the summer of last year a lunch-time fire destroyed the stage, incinerating much of the wild life but not the humans. Stories later circulated that additional footage shot in the Buckinghamshire woods near Pinewood matched so well that it was hard to see why such an elaborate set had been built in the first place.

Certainly, at \$25 million it was an expensive film to make, and there is a question mark over its American release. The distributor is observing the European reaction before unleashing it on the market there. For the producer, Arnon Milchan, it is a double blow, for similar uncertainty has plagued the American release of his other British-made film, Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*.

It has taken several years for Ridley Scott to get this film out of his system. It is to be hoped that the experience of making it will have sharpened his skills sufficiently to enable him to broaden the appeal of his next film.

The American mega-hit of the summer was *Back to the Future*, directed by Robert Zemeckis, but produced by Steven Spielberg. Familiar Spielbergian motifs abound: smalltown America, innocence, parental dissent and its effect on the offspring, nostalgic yearning for the pre-acid, pre-porn, pre-Aids 1950s when life was like a series of *Saturday Evening Post* covers.

Michael J. Fox plays a 1980s youth suddenly whisked back 30 years to 1955 in a time machine fashioned out of a De Lorean sports car, and meets his parents when they were his own age. It is an intriguing idea, nicely realized, with Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover excellently rising to the occasion.

Nevertheless, the view of 1955 is way off beam. No one seems to have heard of rock'n'roll, James Dean is never mentioned and they think that Jane Wyman is still married to Ronald Reagan, although the divorce was in 1948. But such carping pedantry can be interpreted as showing my age. It should not detract from such an original and entertaining film.

Black Bush. A single malt blended with a single grain. Matured in sherry casks using only the water from Saint Columb's Rill. A formula for producing a fine whiskey that's been good for nearly four hundred years.

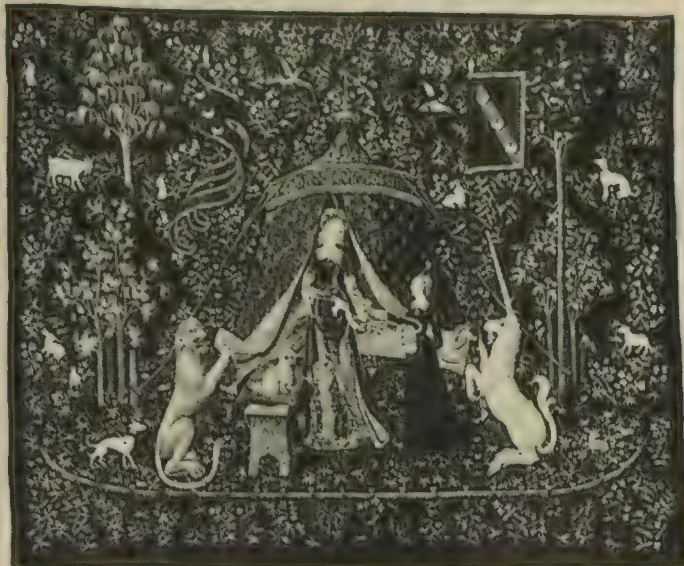


"Odd, maybe, but the sherry casks give it that rounded flavour."



BLACK BUSH WHISKEY.
A LEGEND THAT LIVES ON.

WOVEN ART TAPESTRIES FOR YOUR OWN HOME



Woven in
France

A MON SEUL DÉSIR

Cluny Museum,
Paris, circa 1490

Sizes: 110 x 135cms (3'7" x 4'5"), 140 x 170cms (4'7" x 5'7"), 180 x 240cms (5'9" x 8'10")

Our extensive stocks of wall-hanging tapestries include the products of at least six different 'weavers' or 'ateliers' on the Continent. These unique reproductions cover a period from the 11th to the 18th centuries and are woven in 100% wool, 100% cotton, or in wool and linen mixtures. We stock hundreds of different panels from small to very large sizes, and our collection includes hand-made qualities that appreciate in value. For both period and modern properties, tapestries are proving to be most effective wall decoration in private residences, hotels, banks and offices.

As we travel with our tapestries throughout the country, do contact us for an appointment for when we are near to your area.

Catalogue is available upon request, or visit our showroom by prior appointment.

For further information please contact us on 0865-776362.

HINES OF OXFORD

Tapestry Importers,
2 Addison Drive, Littlemore, Oxford OX4 3UD

CELEBRATE IN STYLE

... AT THE SAVOY, where you will be welcomed with champagne, flowers and chocolates. Enjoy traditional English Breakfast in your luxurious double or twin-bedded room and dinner (with dancing) in the romantic Restaurant overlooking the Embankment Gardens and River Thames. As a memento you will have two personally monogrammed Savoy bathrobes to take home. All this for £218 for two (including service charge and VAT). If you wish, stay an extra night (with breakfast) for only £120.
OPTIONAL EXTRAS. Why not add best seats (at £42 for two) for 'Gigi', 'Starlight Express', 'Cats', '42nd Street' or (at £20 for two) 'Noises Off' at the Savoy Theatre.
The offer is available every night between 9th December 1985 and 27th April 1986.



LONDON

To book or for more information, contact Savoy Reservations and ask about The Savoy In Style Weekend.
The Savoy, The Strand, London WC2R 0EU. Tel: (01) 836 4343 Telex: 24234.

Bill, Bert and Alf

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Celebrated Country Hotels



Are you looking for tradition and luxury of a bygone day?

Celebrated Country Hotels can offer you five beautiful English country houses, where the emphasis is on luxury and quality, attentive service and old fashioned courtesy. We are superbly located for the Royal Counties, historical Windsor & Eton, Stratford-upon-Avon, the Cotswolds, the Cathedral Cities of Worcester and Canterbury, for Winchester and the New Forest. Oakley Court, Nr. Windsor, The Elms, Nr. Worcester, Eastwell Manor, Nr. Canterbury, Billesley Manor, Nr. Stratford-upon-Avon, Tylney Hall, Nr. Basingstoke, Opening Autumn 1985.

For further information on any of our hotels whether for a few days in the country, a business trip or meeting contact Christine Travell, Celebrated Country Hotels, Oakley Court, Windsor Road, Nr. Windsor, Berkshire SL4 5UR, England. Telephone: Maidenhead (0628) 37230

In Search of the Better 'Ole: The Life and Works and the Collectables of Bruce Bairnsfather

by Tonie and Valmai Holt

Milestone Publications, £11.95

Bruce Bairnsfather was a brilliant artist and cartoonist. I feel very lucky to possess one of his original watercolours entitled "Best of luck—'Arry, P.S. and mind the Zepps back Home." There is Old Bill sitting in Hole 71—a German helmet full of poppies beside him, and overhead a stream of German airships heading for England. It is dated "Arras Ward II 1918" and was intended to cheer up an officer friend convalescing in hospital from his wounds. A lot needs to be explained to the modern generation, to whom it must be largely gibberish, however much they appreciate the draughtsmanship: Zeppelins, Hill 71, Flanders poppies and, above all, Old Bill. Bairnsfather created this character in one of the most famous cartoons ever drawn, a part of his series for *The Bystander* called *Fragments from France*. He did it in October, 1915, and it appeared in the Christmas issue on November 24. It is entitled "One of our minor wars" and is a picture of two heavily moustached "old sweats", survivors of the Old Contemptibles, in a shell hole at night with flares, explosions, Very lights, rockets illuminating the darkness. One of them looks glum, as well he might. The other, Old Bill, scowls angrily and says: "Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

The cartoon took on like wildfire. It came at just the right moment. The public had become familiar with the outward signs if not the inward horror of trench warfare. As the authors put it, they "could identify themselves with the two soldiers... This statement from the trenches described a condition as old as the human race—discontent and a challenge to confront it. It was the greener-grass proverb in khaki. The cartoon's caption became a popular catchword. 'Well, if you knows of a better 'ole...' fitted family argument as well as international wrangling."

If it went down well with the civilian population, it was no less of a success in the army. Officers and men alike adored it and the flood of Old Bill (along with Bert and Alf) pictures which followed. If morale can be raised by laughter—and perhaps it can—Old Bill's contribution must be rated highly. There was, however, one area where he did not go down well. The Staff was not amused. To quote the authors, "Bill, Bert and Alf were the soldiers of reality, scruffy and comfortable. It wasn't the image

that most senior officers welcomed in their headquarters behind the lines. The Blimps soon began to carp at Bairnsfather's work." The sole piece of official recognition he ever received in his life was appointment as "Officer Cartoonist" in the Intelligence Department at the end of 1916, and this was only because the French Intelligence asked that he should be loaned to them to raise their Army morale through laughter.

Bill, Bert and Alf may in one sense have been "soldiers of reality" but they were in no sense representative of the vast majority who fought in that dreadful war. The typical soldiers of reality were the boyish, fresh-faced officers and men of Kitchener's New Army and the conscripts that came after them—the young men who marched at a slow pace, heavily laden, across no-man's-land to be mown down in their thousands in the blazing heat of the first day of the Battle of the Somme. Old Bill—middle-aged, disreputable and scrounging—belonged to the older world of the regulars immortalized by Kipling in India, and almost obliterated in the Mons campaign of 1914. Bairnsfather knew and understood them. Born in India in 1887 he was the son of an officer in the Indian Army (curiously his mother and father were both descended from an eighth baronet, Sir Edward Every) and he went to the same school as Kipling, United Service College, Westward Ho. Sent back to England as a victim of shell shock in April, 1915, he found himself, after recovery, in command of some 200 "old soldiers" of just this type on the Isle of Wight.

In his youth he was something of a rolling stone. He was intended for the Army but hated it. He always had a passion for drawing, even at school, and it is a myth which did him much harm, perpetuated by the editor of *The Bystander*, that his talent blossomed only in war. He studied at the John Hassell School of Art near Olympia. He haunted music halls. He drew posters and piled up rejection slips. He then took a job as an electrical apprentice. Biographically he is an elusive character. The authors have shown admirable persistence in following up every clue they could. They have produced a fascinating book, wonderfully illustrated. The iconography of Bairnsfather is vast—pottery, brass, car mascots, scarves, playing cards, post cards. The illustrations alone make this book well worth having, and they adorn a text which is amusingly written, sympathetic but by no means idolatrous.



Bairnsfather's career was not happy. He was type-cast as a one-subject artist. He was bitterly disappointed at rejection by the Royal Academy. He was hopeless with money and never achieved the fortune that his enormous popularity deserved despite post-war plays, films and musical comedies. He married an alcoholic and died in relative poverty in 1959—a forgotten figure. It was a sad end for someone who had contributed so much to the gaiety of nations.

RECENT FICTION

Violence and love by the sea

BY SALLY EMERSON

The Bone People

by Keri Hulme
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95

The Good Terrorist

by Doris Lessing
Jonathan Cape, £9.50

Illywhacker

by Peter Carey
Faber, £9.95

Last Letters from Hav

by Jan Morris
Viking, £8.95

The poetic novel which has won the Booker Prize is a long, difficult book which took a long time both to write and to publish. A first novel by New Zealander Keri Hulme, it is steeped in Maori myths and legends. It took her 12 years to write and a number of publishers turned it down. It has now carried off handfuls of awards.

Its main character is an artist living by the sea whose life is interrupted by the arrival of a silent young boy who communicates by sign language. It contains scenes of love and violence. The sense of the sea is particularly strong.

Doris Lessing's novel and the others reviewed here were all favourites for the prize. Lessing's is a good, conventional story rooted in the real world. It contains no hint of her interest in science fiction to which she has devoted so many recent years of writing. Her science fiction, such as *The Sirian Experiments* and *The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five*, has a cult following but has not received much critical glory. Her more recent novels, written under the pseudonym of Jane Somers, had bad reviews. They were mediocre, rather depressing books, although, interestingly, they sold extremely well abroad.

The point is that Doris Lessing is an adventurous writer and as such will fail as well as succeed. She is perhaps best known for *The Summer*

Before the Dark and *The Golden Notebook*, both fine books. Her latest, *The Good Terrorist*, is less adventurous than these but it displays well her excellent handling of plot and character, and her skill in creating atmosphere.

The main character is 36-year-old Alice, a motherly woman who likes to look after people. With her friend Jasper she turns up in commune after commune and sorts everything out. The latest commune she attends to, which is the setting of the book, is in a terrible state when she arrives: men have poured concrete down the lavatories and torn out the wiring to prevent squatters using the building. It is a fine old house which she painstakingly cleans and tidies up while the other members of the commune lounge around and talk left-wing politics. Alice is an interesting character, although the theme of the novel—the selfishness and incompetence of the British militant left wing—is hardly original.

Many of the other characters are also well drawn: Jasper, a weak, lazy, bisexual who seems to offer Alice nothing but his need; the slightly crazy Faye who has a pale, awful, violent self imprisoned behind her pretty cockney face; and Faye's lesbian girlfriend Roberta.

Some, however, are so predictable she might have drawn them in cartoon form instead of writing about them. They are just well-visualized clichés, for instance the working-class revolutionary who likes to have sex with the upper-class revolutionary from Roedeau. But it could be that the world of militant left-wing politics is as full of caricatures as it is of jargon.

The plot proceeds well enough, our perceptions filtered through Alice's well-meaning point of view (even when she robs, she does so from the best of motives). Bit by bit we learn of mysterious happenings in the squat next door where, it is suggested, more professional terrorists are at work.

Apart from one or two aggressive policemen, the portrait is very one-sided, a right-wing view of the left-wing. I shall remember the house and the atmosphere, and some of Lessing's excellent writing, for longer than the temporary people and their bomb games.

Illywhacker, by the young Australian writer Peter Carey, is a superbly inventive and energetic story told by Herbert Badgery, the 139-year-old illywhacker (Australian slang for confidence trickster) who claims to be able to disappear, a trick he picked up from a Chinaman when he was just 10 years old. The moment I opened the novel (after initial alarm at its 600 pages) I met a refreshing gust of creative energy. The old man reminisces about his youth as an aviator, about his romances, about love-making on a roof. But the novel is not a series of dislocated memories. The tale of his marriage to Phoebe, and of their children, runs through these ambitious pages.

Last Letters from Hav is a less vigorously fanciful creation. It is a fiction by the travel writer Jan Morris in which she describes an invented Eastern city called Hav as though it actually existed. It is an interesting idea, entertainingly written, but it remains notes towards a novel rather than a novel with characters and plot.

LITERARY HOUSES

Writers at Home

Edited by Gervase Jackson-Stops
Trefoil Books, £12.95

The surroundings of childhood and the pattern of family life have an important—often perhaps the most important—influence on a writer's work. The National Trust has become the guardian of many literary properties, and this book describes 10 of them, giving contemporary authors the opportunity to explore them and assess the effect the places had on the writers and their output. The properties chosen are Coleridge Cottage at Nether Stowey, Carlyle's House in Chelsea, Shaw's Corner at Ayot St Lawrence, Henry James's Lamb House in Rye, T. E. Lawrence's cottage at Cloud's Hill, Dorset, Hardy's Cottage at Bockhampton, Kipling's manor house, Bateman's, at Burwash, Wordsworth's houses at Cockermouth and Allan Bank, Leonard and Virginia Woolf's Monk's House near Lewes, and the other Bloomsbury settlements in East Sussex.

In his introduction James Lees-Milne notes that there have been few books about the influence of landscape and architecture on literature. This book, as he claims, goes some way to redressing the balance, though he is forced to conclude on a dying fall. The shrines of the writers of the future are likely to be very different from those of the past.

Despite such pessimism the inspiration of this book suggests that writers will overcome the obstacles, and that even a chimneyless box could become a National Trust shrine of the future.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

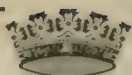
- 1 **A Maggot** by John Fowles
Jonathan Cape, £9.95
It promises at the start to be a masterpiece but by the end is a little less than that.
- 2 **Break In** by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £8.95
Horse racing again provides an exciting background to a master of the game.
- 3 **London Match** by Len Deighton
Hutchinson, £8.95
The concluding volume to a stunning espionage trilogy.
- 4 **The Good Apprentice** by Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus, £9.95
The usual brilliantly complicated plot with good and evil fighting it out.
- 5 **The Sicilian** by Mario Puzo
Bantam, £9.95
The Mafia mixture, roughly as before.
- 6 **Paradise Postponed** by John Mortimer
Viking, £9.95
A very readable novel about post-war life in England.
- 7 **The Good Terrorist** by Doris Lessing
Jonathan Cape, £9.50
Masterly new departure among the young, amateurish terrorists by a writer who really cares about her characters.

- 8 **Red Crystal** by Clare Francis
Heinemann, £9.95
A little contrived, but a telling account all the same of how a British government might be overthrown.
- 9 **Family & Friends** by Anita Brookner
Jonathan Cape, £8.95
A new and very successful departure for the author of last year's Booker Prize winner, *Hôtel du Lac*.
- 10 **Lucky** by Jackie Collins
Collins, £9.95
Power, sex and money strike again.

HARDBACK NON FICTION

- 1 **Blessings in Disguise** by Alec Guinness
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
Outstanding autobiography of a great actor.
- 2 **Fringes of Power** by John Colville
Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95
A treasury of Churchill stories by his long-serving secretary.
- 3 **One is Fun!** by Delia Smith
Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95
Clever and useful for those who live alone.
- 4 **Whicker's New World** by Alan Whicker
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95
How some British found in America the success that eluded them at home.
- 5 **Secret Service** by Christopher Andrew
Heinemann, £12
A careful but readable history of MI5 and MI6.
- 6 **Royal Feud** by Michael Thornton
Michael Joseph, £12.95
Why the Queen Mother and the Duchess of Windsor failed to hit it off.
- 7 **Falling Towards England** by Clive James
Jonathan Cape, £8.95
Some of the magic of the first Australian volume is missing in this successor.
- 8 **Savage Grace** by Natalie Robins
Gollancz, £10.95
Terrifying tale of a family murder.
- 9 **The Shorter Pepys** edited by Robert Latham
Bell & Hyman, £20
The indispensable bedside book.
- 10 **Miller's Antiques Price Guide**, edited by Martin & Judith Miller
MJM Publications, £9.85
A necessary companion for everyone buying and selling antiques.

Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.



Debrett

Let the world's
leading family
historians research
your ancestry.

For information write
sending details of your
family for a free
feasibility analysis.

Debrett Ancestry Research Ltd.,

Dept. L2, Gordon Road,
Winchester SO23 7DD

Telephone: (0962) 69067

STAYING IN LONDON?

We have a small but quite superb Holiday Flat in a period house on the very edge of Blackheath in historic Greenwich. Immaculately furnished and completely private. Very easy access to Central London. Sleeps 2/4. £150 pw incl.

Dr E. P. Butler, The Rectory, Brandram Road, London SE13.

THE HILL HOTEL

60 YORK ROAD, ACOMB, YORK YO2 5LW.
YORK (0904) 790777



MAKE THIS YOUR YEAR TO VISIT
VIKING YORK!

Our Georgian Hotel creates a country house atmosphere in the beautiful city of York. All rooms have private bath & shower, colour TV, radio, telephone, hairdryer, tea/coffee making facilities. Home made Yorkshire fare in our candlelit dining room. Well stocked bar. Large walled garden and car park. Bargain breaks available.

A warm welcome and comfortable stay awaits you at

THE HILL HOTEL

BTA commended AA 2 star. Egon Ronay

Please phone or write to Miss H. Haggan for colour brochure and tariff

THE TIMES (1814-1985)

This Christmas give someone an original Times newspaper dated the very day they were born (or a Nottingham Guardian 1919-1959, Yorkshire Herald 1829-1935, Met. Office weather report 1909-1959), Punch (1850's-1970's) or Sporting Chronicle (1881-1976). £12.50 each or two for £21.00.

Phone 0492 31303 for rapid dispatch on approval or write—Yesterday's News, 43 Dundonald Road, Colwyn Bay, LL29 7RE.

POLRAEN COUNTRY

HOUSE HOTEL

SANDPLACE, LOOE
CORNWALL PL13 1PJ
TELEPHONE: LOOE 3956
Proprietors: Peter & Joyce Allcroft



We use a former 18th-century, coaching inn - situated in a peaceful valley, two miles from Looe. Now a fully licensed hotel offering every comfort and a warm welcome to all our guests.

Centrally heated, en suite bedrooms, with tea and coffee making facilities in each room. Our excellent cuisine uses locally grown vegetables and locally made bread.

MINI BREAKS

£34 (inc VAT) per person any 3 nights

commencing 1st October

Ring us for details
of our Spring Holidays

WINE

A toast to Tokay

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

Of all the great classic wine districts of the world, Tokay in Hungary is probably the most remote and least visited, and its wines the least known.

The region is reached after a long fast drive from Budapest east across the plains and ending 30 miles or so short of the Russian border. It is dominated by a conical hill whose sweeping slopes indicate to an experienced eye a perfect vineyard location: the right aspect, sun-catching, good drainage. That other element, water, which has a steady effect on the local microclimate and, in this case, as with sauternes, stimulates the morning mists which encourage the growth of *Botrytis*, is provided by the Bodrog, a river as sluggish and uninspired as its name. Sandwiched between the Bodrog and the hill is an equally sluggish and sleepy little town.

Even in its heyday Tokay was not very well known. Then, as now, it was mainly consumed in what are currently known as the eastern bloc countries. Before the First World War the best vineyards were owned by the Hungarian nobility and their finest wine either remained in their own cellars or, if exported, found its way to the courts of neighbouring Poland and Russia. Tokay rarely reached these shores though its reputation as a quality wine with strange properties was known to some 18th-century connoisseurs.

Following the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the wine continued to be made, but in a desultory way. No one seemed interested until in the early 1920s the enterprising wine merchants, Berry Bros of St James's, managed to unearth—literally—small stocks of priceless Tokay Essence from various impoverished or abandoned "princely" cellars. These they offered for sale, mainly for the use of invalids, as a restorative, for the equally enterprising sum of around 5 guineas a ½ litre—this at a time when the best claret and decent port were listed for as little as 4 shillings a bottle. These old Tokays eventually disappeared from sight until in the mid 1960s odd ½ litres meandered back on to the market through Christie's and a decade later a whole gamut of Hungarian wines was shown at a special tasting in the Great Rooms. Berry Bros took up the running again and were the first to import post-war vintages of Tokay Aszú-Eszencia. Now the wines of Tokay are imported by Colman's of Norwich and, I suggest, are worth seeking out both for taste and for value.

The first oddity is the grape. The

principal grape variety used, the Furmint, is peculiar to Tokay. The method of production is strange and, I believe, quite unique.

Essentially there are two types of Tokay: a natural light table wine, usually dry but sometimes sweet, and a dessert wine which varies from medium-sweet to rich and concentrated.

The basic wine is made from grapes picked at normal harvest time, usually between mid to late September and early October, depending on the vintage weather. This is called Szamorodni which means literally—in Polish—"as it grows". When fully fermented out and therefore dry it is prefixed Száraz. If the bunches are full and ripe, some residual grape sugar will produce a semi-sweet wine known as Édes Szamorodni.

Around mid November, about a month after the main harvest, bunches of the by now overripe grapes, called Aszú, are picked. If the weather conditions are right and the mists rising from the River Bodrog have done their stuff, they will be covered with *Botrytis cinerea*, the strange but wholly beneficial mould which is identical to the *pourriture noble* which is responsible for the finest sauternes.

The affected grapes are laid to rest for six to eight days and then pounded into a sort of dough. This curious concentrate is added to the base wine by the *puttony*, a hod holding 20 to 25 kilograms, to a cask of 136 to 140 litres. A two-hod wine is permissible but rarely, if ever, made. The usual Tokay Aszú will be made from three, four or five hods or *puttonyos*, and on rare occasions from six *puttonyos*.

The mixture of wine and *puttonyos* of Aszú are macerated and stirred for 24 to 48 hours. The liquid is run off, the solids put in a bag press and the resultant juice put back. The fermentation then begins, the number of *puttonyos* of Aszú grapes determining its length and the subsequent maturation period in cask. A three-putt Aszú has not less than five years in small oak casks called *goncz*, six years for four putts and seven for five putts.

A quantum leap up is the Aszú-Eszencia made only in exceptional years from *Botrytis* grapes hand-picked in the best vineyards. The natural grape sugar content is incredibly high, well above the equivalent of six putts and, being so concentrated, the fermentation is extremely sluggish, taking several years. But the quintessence of Tokay

is the "Essence" made from the thick, sticky juice produced by the pressure of the Aszú grapes in the initial six- to eight-day resting period. Rare, expensive, delicious and—they say—life-enhancing.

Now for the taste. A young Tokay Száraz Szamorodni is pale yellow, has a strange, wet straw smell and taste. It is dry. A top-class 1964 I noted at a pre-sale tasting recently was still remarkably pale for its age, with a lemon tinge. Its bouquet reminded me of that old-fashioned invalid's remedy, calf's-foot jelly. Dry, a strange flavour, touch of vanilla, good acidity. I much preferred the 1959 Édes Szamorodni with its warmer amber-gold colour, honeyed bouquet, touch of raisins; medium sweet with lovely flavour and weight. A clean and vivacious 26-year-old. Three-putt Aszús are also medium sweet, four-putt sweet, five-putt pure dessert wines like good sauternes.

A 1958 four-putt Aszú made from Muskotály grapes had a rich, grapy beerenauslese-like bouquet, soft and delicious on the palate; a 1956 five-putt Aszú, amber-coloured, meatier, more sherry-like and stably on the nose, sweet, soft, fleshy in the mouth with good length and acidity. A rare six-putt of the 1957 vintage was deeper coloured, richer and more malty on nose and palate, very sweet, a glorious wine.

Over the past 30 years I have had the rare privilege of tasting several old Tokay Essences, including an 1811, prettily labelled and mellifluously described by Berry Bros as "Formerly the property of the Princely Family of Bretzenheim which became extinct in 1863". The wine, bottled in 1840, was rediscovered in 1925 and shipped that year to London. The additional and extraordinary virtues of Tokay Essence are that it keeps almost indefinitely in bottle—traditionally stood upright to keep its heavy, muddy sediment firmly at the bottom—and, once open, unlike all other wines, keeps fresh and drinkable for years. My bottle of 1811 was consumed in tiny tots over a shorter period. My wife and I opened it on New Year's Eve and saw 1973 in, finishing it finally, with friends, that May. I noted, and still vividly remember, its bouquet: intensely rich, piquant, crushed raisins. It filled the mouth with flavours, concentrated, penetrating, its sweetness counterbalanced by its high acidity. Its length could be measured in minutes. Its scent lingered in the empty glass for days.

Where disaster rules

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

Through the written word, Rules Restaurant in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, makes an interesting impression: oysters, George III, porter, Dickens, steak and kidney pudding, Thackeray (though they call him William Makepeace Thackeray now), tripe and onions, the-Prince-of-Wales-and-Lily-Langtry, vintage port... Well, a strong impression. I am probably alone in thinking Teddy the most boring figure in our national life since Rules opened in 1798, not excepting his grandson Edward VIII, allegedly another habitué.

The menu, too, reads well: English delicacies like whitebait and potted shrimps, red cabbage, boiled mutton and caper sauce, grouse, partridge and pheasant between stated dates, East End eels, mashed potatoes and peas, and if that "East End" sounds a bit of a false note, one must try to think that it will be a romantic note for visitors. Value-free dishes like sea trout and escalope of veal are also on offer.

Spirits had fallen a little on arrival in a rather cramped and overheated place where there turned out to be only a 50-50 chance of getting a seat in the drinks-before-food area. In our case at least these drinks were well made and quickly served, but on my second visit the waiter tried—in vain, actually—to put me right on the orthodox recipe for the Old-Fashioned cocktail. Part at least of the reason for this venture was that, as further observation soon showed, some sort of quarrel was evidently going on among the staff. Well, no comment, except that in these matters slackness at the top is to be looked for.

On this occasion the move to the table brought a further lowering of morale. The semi-circular banquettes in a booth looked inviting but turned out to be too narrow from back to edge to accommodate a standard bottom in any comfort. How the heavyweight Americans across the aisle made out I cannot imagine. The technique had perhaps been borrowed from those hamburger joints where the disagreeable seating is designed to get the customer out and away as soon as possible. Any such intention here would have been more than adequately fulfilled by the quality of the food.

It must be said at once that the wine was outstanding value and impeccably stored and served. The coffee was excellent, though the Irish coffee was not hot enough. The veal escalope was perfectly adequate. The whitebait were fairly good but a bit soft. Everything else was disgraceful. I pass over a woolly tomato salad, tasteless asparagus, dull, chewy mushrooms and devils on horseback with disastrously underdone bacon. The venison, evoking thoughts of pemmican or biltong rather than a dish seriously offered a diner-out, was as dry and void of flavour as anything I have ever tried to swallow, but it is a notoriously difficult meat and it, too, I leave on one side in favour of an account of what Rules did to three traditional English dishes that it presumably prides itself on serving.

Sausages, onions and mash. (I have been known to prepare this myself and so was in a position to apply that valuable test: is the restaurant's version at least as good as mine? Because if not...) Sausages, English sausages, are easy enough to cook but they need some attention to see that they are done all over. I fixed on one of the several supervisory-looking chaps who were standing

about and directed him to see to this, and sure enough when they arrived an hour later the things were so raw the meat had to be dragged out of them with a fork. Unless care is taken, again, cooked onions tend to go to nothing and this lot certainly had. The mash was no good either—see below. And this with a dish the place prepares as a "special" every Monday lunch-time and evening of its life.

Tripe, onions and mash. Tripe, described by Katharine Whitehorn as boiled knitting, is more literally part of the stomach of the ox, a fact which the Rules treatment does nothing to help you forget. It has little flavour of its own and none was given or suggested on this occasion. Pieces the size of A4 envelopes came in a thick, over-buttered sauce instead of the milky mixture required by tradition. There might once have been onions present but none was apparent to my senses by the time the plate was set in front of me. As regards the mash—well, all I had better say is that if anyone can produce a more lifelike imitation of instant potato from real potatoes then I should like to hear from him.

Steak and kidney pudding. This looked well enough when it arrived, though rather stiff and invulnerable. When the outside of this sort of pudding is pierced with the knife, gravy should gush out. Not this time, very much not, in fact the

whole thing was forbiddingly, impossibly dry, the steak too dry to cut properly. There was too little kidney—but of course only home cooks ever put in enough. The taste, far from overwhelming, was hard to pin down. Like the smell of turkey Whiskas was the nearest my guest could get—unexpectedly toothsome, in fact. Failure here is the more reprehensible in view of the admirable pop-in-the-steamer portions supplied by Marks & Spencer. All main dishes sampled at Rules were served not much better than lukewarm on a plate with the chill barely taken off it and supported by undercooked vegetables.

There are cheaper eating-places than Rules where the atmosphere and service are so pleasant that they drive out other impressions. Far from the case here; but then I find it hard to imagine an establishment Elysian enough to dispel the memory of two of the most disgusting full-dress meals I have ever tried to eat in my life. They would have stood out even in—where? Wigan? Nizhni Novgorod? It seems that this hogwash-counter was a few years ago narrowly saved from the bulldozer. Pity. Let us hope that before too long a decent doner kebab joint or Albanian take-away may arise on its ruins.

Rules Restaurant, 35 Maiden Lane, WC2 (836 5314). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-11.15pm.

CHRISTMAS EATING



IN PICT RE LIBRARY

venison noisettes with pears as the centrepiece of a four-course, pre-Christmas lunch at £20. If the high standard of its regular *à la carte* menu can be maintained, this smart French restaurant (with a fine wine list and attractive presentation of food) may be able to add some sparkle to the gastronomic run-up to Christmas.

Among the hotels, the **London Hilton** is opening the Grand Ballroom for carols and a luncheon knees-up on Friday, December 20. Firms can purchase tables at £20.50 a head and are promised "dindonneau à l'Anglaise" and "pouding de Noël flambé". On Christmas Day, there is a choice of a £39 menu in the Roof Restaurant and a £27 menu in the British Harvest Restaurant (with reductions for children in both cases).

Christmas Day at **The Ritz** costs £48.75 a person. As part of a series of suitably seasonal events, the festivities open with a champagne reception at 12.30pm in the Palm Court followed by chef David Miller's turkey as the centrepiece of a three-course menu.

Lal Qila, 117 Tottenham Ct Rd, W1 (387 4570); **The Red Fort**, 77 Dean St, W1 (437 2525); **The Restaurant**, Dolphin Sq, Chichester St, SW1 (828 3207); **La Ruelle**, 14 Wright's Lane, W8 (937 8525); **London Hilton**, Park Lane, W1 (493 8000); **The Ritz**, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). ALEX FINER

Restaurateurs latch on to the Christmas spirit, but these days a few manage to celebrate without turkey and sprouts and Christmas pudding. Amin Ali, for example, offers special four-course menus at **Lal Qila** (£11.95) and at **The Red Fort** (£13.95) between November 15 and December 29 with a selection that includes seekh kebab, vegetarian thali and lamb pasanda.

Alain Lhermitte actually offers his clientele at **The Restaurant** a chance to devise their own menu. Anyone wishing, say, oysters followed by venison should telephone well ahead to determine a price and specify their table decorations.

From December 9 until they shut up shop for the break on December 20, **La Ruelle** is offering allcomers salmon or

La Ruelle

À la recherche de la perfection gastronomique.



*Open for Lunch and Dinner
Special business lunches 3 or 5 courses*

*at 14 Wrights Lane, Kensington, London W8 6TF.
Reservations recommended. Tel: 01-937 8525*

A Rather Secret Place...

Far from the hustle and bustle of the city, for those who appreciate the finer things in life, lies THE BELVEDERE, a beautiful and elegant restaurant in the heart of Kensington's Holland Park.

Superb international cuisine and attentive but discreet service, together with London's most delightful setting, make the Belvedere a memorable experience.

Discover the secret



Belvedere Restaurant, Holland House, Holland Park, London W8.
Tel: 01-602-1238

HOTELS

Special interests

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Enterprising hotels contrive to fill their rooms in the off-season with all manner of special activities. Gastro-nomic weekends are the most popular, though gatherings of thirsty wine tasters run them a close second, and there is almost no end to the variety of crafts you can learn, from photography and painting to weaving and repairing antiques.

Fishing enthusiasts or novices could opt for a course at The Arundell Arms, a creeper-covered former coaching inn, on the A30 at Lifton in Devon (the five front rooms are sound-proofed and ventilated). It has 20 miles of its own water on the Tamar and four of its tributaries, and runs an extensive programme of fishing courses, ranging from four days of river trout fly-fishing "for beginners of all ages" to advanced salmon casting; in winter there are fly-tying weekends. No more than six people to an instructor are allowed; private tuition is available; and thigh-waders and tackle are provided. The Arundell, which also organizes a wide range of shooting and stalking holidays, has been run for more than 21 years with devotion and flair by Anne Voss-Bark, whose husband Conrad sometimes gives lectures on fly-fishing. For the more sedentary the hotel offers bridge weeks and weekends and photographic courses. Children are welcome.

A speciality of the idiosyncratically run Huntsham Court, also in Devon, is its informal events for music lovers. There is no set programme and no extra charge: the professional performers come as the guests of the owners, Mogens and Andrea Bolwig (a Dane married to a Greek), and dine with the residents. The Bolwigs also offer poets' evenings and occasional ghost-hunts at the hotel, a High Victorian building with vast rooms and outsize furniture. They succeed, where many hoteliers fail, in creating a house-party atmosphere: guests dine communally by candlelight at one immense, long table; and you can help yourself to drinks at the bar and log them in if no one is around. Books abound and the music room has more than 2,000 recordings. All the bedrooms are equipped with working pre-war radios. There is a mini-gym, sauna, croquet lawn, a private lake for trout fishing and bicycles are available for the use of guests. Much of the food is home-grown as well as home-made.

The Log Cabin Hotel at Kirk-michael, Tayside, "is run by skiers (Brian and Liz Sandell) for skiers". Half an hour from Glenshee, it has

facilities such as a drying room, ski racks and a boot area; the Sandells can arrange skiing instruction (downhill and cross-country) and hire of equipment. The hotel, a bungalow of Norwegian log, set in its own 300 acres 900 feet up in the heather and forest pine, has ponies, a tennis court and a boat on the nearby loch. It is a welcoming place with comfortable bedrooms, many of them large enough to accommodate a whole family, thus keeping the price down. All have their own bath or shower. The hotel prides itself on its Scottish cooking and generous range of malt whiskies. Children and dogs are popular here.

Rothay Manor at Ambleside in the Lake District offers bridge holidays, wine tastings, and special dinners featuring French regional food; residents can also attend the "Classics on Sunday" series of concerts which combine Sunday lunch at the hotel and classical music at the small Grizedale Theatre, an intimate auditorium in the forest at Hawkshead. The hotel is a handsome Regency building in a secluded position at the head of Lake Windermere, a few minutes' walk from the centre of Ambleside. It is a traditional establishment and Bronwen Nixon, assisted by sons Nigel and Stephen, maintains a high culinary standard of ambitious cooking.

The Arundell Arms, Lifton, Devon (0566 84666). Dinner, bed and breakfast from £31.

Huntsham Court, Huntsham, near Tiverton, Devon (039 86 210). Bed and breakfast from £29.50; dinner £15.50.

The Log Cabin Hotel, Kirkmichael, Tayside (025 081 288). Dinner, bed and breakfast from £27.

Rothay Manor, Rothay Bridge, Ambleside, Cumbria (0966 33605). Prices range from £72 for two a night for dinner, bed and breakfast in a double room as part of a five-day mini-break in low season to about £90 in high season.

The above tariffs are for accommodation per person per night unless otherwise stated and include VAT. Please contact the hotels for details of dates and prices of the special events.

MENU GLOUTONIQUE

Prodigality is normally a virtue in a hotel-keeper. Everyone appreciates an abundance of flowers around the place, or plenty of books and magazines. But in the dining-room too many courses and over-lavish portions seem more like grossness than generosity.

I am not against hotels offering six-course meals and trencherman helpings for those who want a big blow-out. I just wish that hotels which offer a lot of courses on a set menu would allow guests to take fewer—and pay less—if they prefer.

Collectabells



Give a sense of occasion

Bell's Specially Selected Scotch Whisky
in distinctive porcelain decanters

LONDON RENTALS



HIGHGATE N6. Set back from the road in a well stocked secluded garden, this detached house offers unusually large accommodation and comprises two large reception rooms (ideal for formal entertaining) served by a superb kitchen (fitted and equipped to suit the most fastidious cook), four double bedrooms and two single bedrooms and three bathrooms. Available now at £550 a week for a year or longer, it is to be let partly furnished.



ISLINGTON N1. Built in 1834 this attractive house has undergone renovation to recreate a home with many interesting features of its era, combined with every facility for present day living. There are two double and two single bedrooms, two bathrooms, a large double reception room fully equipped kitchen/breakfast room and a small paved rear garden. Located close to shops and transport it is available now for a year or longer at £200 a week.



HAMPSTEAD NW3. There are spectacular southerly views over London from the balcony of this delightful second floor flat. The decorations are neutral throughout and complement the angled ceilings and large double glazed windows. It has a double and single bedroom, bathroom, two reception rooms, kitchen with all appliances and a utility room. Available now for a year or longer at £285 a week.



BELGRAVIA SW1. A superbly appointed flat on the second floor of this prestigious modern block. Totally refurbished, it has a master bedroom with ensuite bathroom, a further double bedroom, elegant reception room with a balcony, a fully equipped kitchen and second bathroom. The rent of £500 a week (negotiable) includes a garage space and twenty four hour portage. It is available now to a company tenant.



PARSONS GREEN SW6. On the Peterborough Estate and recently renovated, this lovely spacious Edwardian house has three large bedrooms, one with galleried dressing room and bathroom, a further bathroom, extremely spacious double reception room and an excellent kitchen/breakfast room which leads to a small floodlit garden. Available early in the New Year at £300 a week to a company tenant.



KENSINGTON SW7. A cosy corner house, quietly located in a cobbled mews close to Gloucester Road. To be let with cream berber carpets, curtains and appliances, it has two double bedrooms, living room, kitchen/breakfast room, bathroom, garage. Realistically priced at £250 a week it may also be possible to arrange for furniture to be provided.

We are constantly seeking properties similar to these for the many International Companies relocating their executives and employees into London. Should you be interested in letting your home or an investment property, now or in the near future, we would like to hear from you. For a professional and efficient service contact one of our eight experienced negotiators at either of our offices.

North & North West London: 9 Heath Street, NW3. 01-794 1125
Central & South West London: 155-157 Knightsbridge, SW1. 01-589 2133
Telex 25480 EQUES G

**GEORGE KNIGHT
— & PARTNERS —
The Letting Agents**

A marvellous game

BY JOHN NUNN

Last month I wrote about the life of Aron Nimzowitsch, the great chess innovator who died 50 years ago. Since Nimzowitsch spent much of his life in Denmark, it was appropriate that the Nimzowitsch Memorial tournament took place in the small Danish town of Naestved during September. This was the strongest tournament ever held in Denmark and provided a close battle for first place. The American grandmaster Walter Browne held the lead throughout, but a catastrophic last-round loss to Ftacnik (Czechoslovakia) allowed Vaganian (USSR) and Larsen (Denmark) to catch him up. The spectators were delighted that one of the home players tied for first and the interest shown by television is a hopeful sign for the increased popularity of chess in Denmark. Final scores: Browne (USA), Larsen (Denmark) and Vaganian (USSR) 6½ (out of 11), Nikolić (Yugoslavia), Short (GB) and Tal (USSR) 6, Andersson (Sweden), Ftacnik (Czechoslovakia) and Nunn (GB) 5½, Agdestein (Norway) 4½, Chandler (GB) 4, Hansen (Denmark) 3½.

It is remarkable that nine of the 12 players finished within a point of each other, emphasizing how narrow the margin between success and failure can be in chess events. These days the former world champion Mikhail Tal seldom shows the tactical brilliance which earned him such fame 25 years ago, but the lightning can still strike from time to time as his opponent discovered in the following marvellous game.

M. Tal **L. Ftacnik**
White *Black*

Sicilian Defence

1 P-K4 P-QB4
2 N-KB3 P-Q3
3 P-Q4 PxP
4 NxP N-KB3
5 N-QB3 P-QR3
6 B-K2 P-K3
7 0-0 B-K2
8 P-B4 0-0
9 K-R1 Q-B2
10 P-QR4 P-QN3
11 P-K5 N-K1

The pawn sacrifice must be declined since 11...PxP 12 PxP QxP 13 B-KB4 Q-QB4 14 B-B3 N-Q4 15 NxN PxN 16 N-N3 followed by 17 BxP wins material.

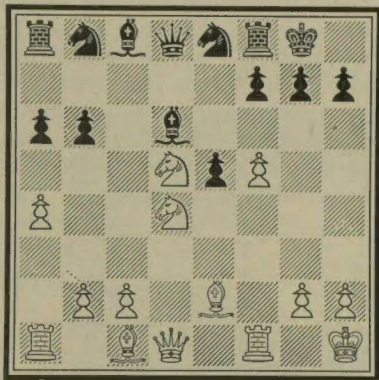
12 PxP BxP
13 P-B5 P-K4

13...BxP is met by 14 B-B3 R-R2 15 N(4)-N5! PxN 16 NxP Q-B5 (or 16...Q-N6 17 NxR Q-R5 18 B-KN5 deflecting the queen) 17 NxR B-N6 18 B-KN5 and while matters are not entirely clear, it seems likely that Black's attack is insufficient to com-

pensate for the lost material.

14 N-Q5 Q-Q1

After a move such as 15 N-N3 Black intends to support the kingside by 15...N-Q2 followed by...N(2)-B3, but Ftacnik is in for an unpleasant shock.



15 P-B6!

Ninety-nine per cent of chess-players would have retreated the attacked knight, but Tal simply leaves it to be captured. The astonishing feature of this sacrifice is the way White's compensation unfolds over a long period.

15 ...PxN

16 QxP N-B3

17 Q-R4 B-N6

After 17...NxP 18 RxN B-KB4 19 B-KN5 White regains the piece while keeping a strong initiative.

18 QxB QxN

19 B-K3

The attack must be conducted with care, for example 19 B-R6? lets Black off the hook by 19...Q-K4!

19 ...Q-B5

19...Q-K3 20 B-N5 followed by QR-K1 allows White to bring his rook into play with gain of tempo.

20 B-R6 P-N3

21 P-N3 Q-B6

22 Q-R4 B-N2

22...B-B4 loses to 23 BxR KxB 24 QxP QxKBP 25 Q-R6ch K-N1 26 BxN QxB 27 RxB when the KNP is pinned.

23 BxR KxB

24 QxP NxP

Material equality has been restored, but White's attack is overwhelming.

25 Q-R8ch K-K2

26 QR-K1ch K-Q3

Or 26...N-K4 27 Q-R4 BxB 28 RxB P-KN4 29 Q-B2 winning material.

27 Q-N7 N-Q4

If Black tries to tuck his king away by 27...K-B2 White can finish the game with 28 B-N4!

28 QxBP N-Q1

29 QxPch K-B4

30 R-K4 P-N4

31 R-Q1 Resigns ○

If you can't spare any money, how about some time?

It seems strange, but the super-fit, capable soldier can run into an awful lot of problems later on in life.

Problems with money. Worries about a second career. Difficulties for his family, especially when he's gone.

At SSAFA we've been helping Service and ex-Service families for more than 100 years. With the help of people from ordinary civilian life who have a little time to spare.

If you'd like to help, we'd love to hear from you. An hour or two each week is all you need.

The Service family's service

27 Queen Anne's Gate,
Westminster, London SW1H 9B2.
Telephone: 01-222 9221.



SSAFA

SOLDIERS' SAILORS' AND
AIRMEN'S FAMILIES ASSOCIATION

Not everyone has the time, of course. What you may be able to do, though, is help out with some money. No amounts too small, but please dig deep; as any Serviceman will tell you, good causes are always worth fighting for.

If you can't spare any time, we'd appreciate some money.

Asprey



Three early English wine glasses, circa 1730. Tallest: 7 1/4"

ASPREY PLC
165-169 New Bond Street
London W1Y 0AR
Tel: 01-493 6767
Telegrams: 25110 Asprey G
Telex: 25110 Asprey C

The Secrets of the Green



Only three people know the secrets of the 130 herbs in Green Chartreuse. But these days everyone knows it's delicious as a frappé on crushed ice, or with a good splash of soda or tonic on the rocks.

CHARTREUSE

The Illustrated London News Picture Library

houses one of the finest collections of social history photographs and illustrations in the country, from 1842 to the present day. We provide a speedy and efficient service for authors, publishers and all media.

For further details apply:

ILN Picture Library,
20 Upper Ground,
London SE1 9PF

Telephone: 01-928 6969



A new study of H.R.H. Prince Charles
by Marcus Adams

'CHRISTMAS GREETINGS' THE GIFT THAT SAYS IT ALL...

And what could be more thoughtful, or original, than a very special Kings Christmas Hamper. Each hamper is packed with all manner of delicacies and delights - can you imagine a finer way to say 'thinking of you' this Christmas.

Delivered direct to your family or friends in the UK, an exclusive Kings hamper is assured of a very warm welcome.

An illustrated brochure of our superb hampers is available from:

Kings of Cheltenham, Woodstock, Haymes Drive, Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL52 3QQ, England. Telephone: (0242) 529308; (0242 67) 6409. Telex: 43234 SANAFE G ATTN. KINGS

BRIDGE

Perverse results

BY JACK MARX

From time to time there will occur an event in the tournament world where an air of perversity seems to pervade many of the results. These hands figured in a well-attended multiple team event in London where this quality seemed much in evidence. The first was remarkable for the very few plus scores that the well-padded North-South pairs managed to secure. This would have been the more understandable if many of them had bid the only mildly speculative grand slam in clubs, but in fact only one pair did so.

♠AK4 Dealer East
♥AKJ974 North-South
♦K4 Game
♣105

♠98 ♠QJ1076
♥Q108532 ♥void
♦10932 ♦QJ87
♣9 ♣J863

♠532
♥6
♦A65
♣AKQ742

There seemed to be a faintly comic element in much that went on at several tables, but the grand slam pair had a sensible sober auction that deserved a better fate.

North 2♥ 3♥ 4NT 5♠
South 1♣ 3♣ 4♣ 5♥ 7♣

Four No-trumps and Five Hearts were Blackwood and its response that affirmed two Aces, and Five Spades was an inquiry about trump quality. South felt that in his case the requirements, even for a thrice-bid suit, measured up to standard.

At many tables the non-vulnerable East-West were not content to remain completely silent. At one of them East thought he had better make absolutely sure of a trump trick by a "Lightner" double of Six Clubs that would require from partner the lead of a heart, dummy's bid suit. Whatever his suspicions about the heart position, South did not in fact finesse the heart, but by ruffing a third-round diamond in dummy he had no further trouble with the contract.

At another table South, not fancying a possible misfit, put on the brakes fairly early, though North felt he was strong enough to ignore whatever danger threatened.

West	North	East	South
No	2♥	No	1♣
No	3♥	DBL	3♣
No	6NT	All Pass	3NT

East's double after a previous pass suggested a possible sacrifice bid in one of the unbid suits. This idea did not appeal to West, who brightly led a small heart. Counting 12 tricks if

clubs broke reasonably, South blithely put up the Ace and could not now recover. Perhaps it ought to have occurred to him that if clubs were breaking nothing could be lost by finessing the first heart.

Another South went down in Six Clubs because a reasonable precaution against freak distribution brought about its own defeat. West led a spade to East's bid suit and South feared that East might overruff a third round of diamonds and then give West a spade ruff. He therefore first took one round of trumps before taking his two diamonds and ruff, planning to return to hand via a second-round heart ruff. Unfortunately it was East who got the ruff and another spade lead left South unable to enjoy even one heart trick.

There was an uneasy sense that justice, as a purely theoretical concept, was not being applied very even-handedly on this occasion. There was this hand, for instance:

♠Q92 Dealer West
♥KJ74 North-South
♦AK76 Game
♣K10

♠A ♠10843
♥Q83 ♥5
♦J843 ♦10952
♣J7432 ♣9865

♠KJ765
♥A10962
♦Q
♣AQ

With hands as weak as theirs, East-West can scarcely expect to have much command of their own destinies and in almost all cases they did not. Their opponents were apt to gravitate into Six Hearts, and with nothing to guide them on how to play the trumps, most of them got it wrong. Where North opened a "strong" no-trump, and an unusually large number on this occasion did, South might use a transfer response of Two Hearts (meaning spades) and on the next round would show a two-suiter by mentioning genuine hearts. Or he might use "Extended Stayman" with the intention, if opener should deny a four-card major with a rebid of Two Diamonds, of using a conventional bid of Three Diamonds to compel North to express a preference for one of the majors. However, one unsophisticated South simply forced with Three Spades over One No-trump, was raised to Four, and followed through with Six Spades. West cashed his Ace of trumps to have a look round and later, having noted only a single spade with West, placed him with three hearts, finessing against his Queen ○

ARE THE INCENTIVES OFFERED BY ADVERTISERS ALL THEY APPEAR TO BE?

In the past few years there's been a big growth in sales promotions.

Normally these offer incentives, in cash or in kind, to encourage the public to buy a particular product.

In the vast majority of cases the 'carrots' that are offered are all they appear to be.

In a few cases, however, they aren't.

It is our job as the Advertising Standards Authority to be the public watchdog in the field of sales promotions, as well as advertising.

We do this by applying the British Code of Sales Promotion Practice, a set of rules compiled by experts, which promoters have agreed to observe.

To conform to the Code, all sales promotions must be legal, decent, honest and truthful.

WHEN IS THE CARROT ROTTEN?

One case recently that came to our attention was the line 'Free £50 Holiday Money' displayed on the outside of a chocolate wrapper. It was only revealed on the inside you'd have to send off 25 wrappers to benefit.

That particular offer left a nasty taste in our mouth. We asked the promoters to say how many wrappers they required on the outside of the wrapper in future. Which they promptly agreed to do.

Another case involved an advertisement for 'Absolutely Free Perfume'. Somebody smelt a rat when they discovered postage, packing and handling would set them back £1.75.

In our book, something is only free if all you are asked to pay is the actual cost of postage. Otherwise you could well be buying that 'absolutely free perfume'.

Photographs shouldn't deceive you either.

Recently, a promotional leaflet illustrated a gift barbecue set complete with tools and shiny red bellows. But the bellows weren't part of the gift and therefore should not have been included.

This promoter deserved to be hauled over the coals. We pointed out that a photograph of a gift should exactly match the gift itself.

Fortunately, in this case, the promoters were able to dispatch bellows to all who asked for them.

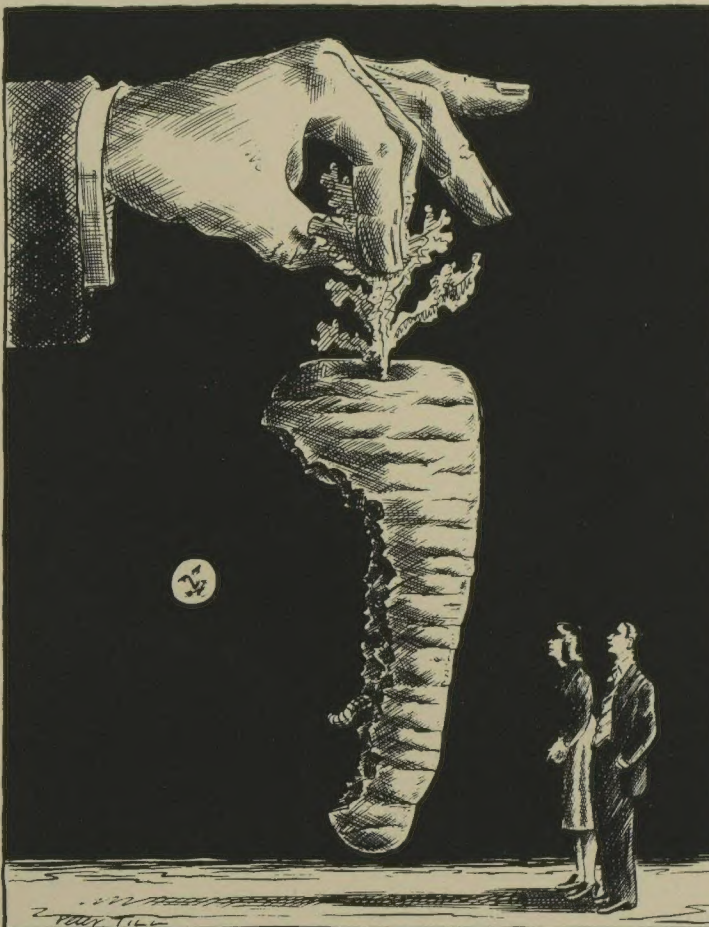
OTHER GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT

Not every complaint the ASA receives

stems from the way an offer is described.

Sometimes, goods don't arrive for months. But what use are Christmas decorations if they don't arrive until Easter? We insist that they should reach you within 28 days.

Sometimes goods don't arrive at all. Imagine peeling off and saving labels for weeks



on end, only to find out they've run out of that spice rack you wanted.

We require the advertiser to show he has genuinely and realistically estimated the demand for his offer.

THE FIELDS WE COVER

The Code covers reduced price and free offers, the distribution of money vouchers and samples, personality and charity-linked promotions, editorial offers and competitions, whether these appear on packs or in newspapers, magazines, leaflets, on posters or in the cinema.

It does not cover TV and radio advertising which is controlled by the Independent Broadcasting Authority.

YOUR SIDE OF THINGS

The ASA keeps a continuous check on sales promotions and associated advertising to make sure the Code is observed.

But because of the sheer volume we cannot monitor every promotion all the time.

So we like to hear from the public about any thought likely to have infringed the Code.

WHAT WE DO TO THOSE WHO DON'T PRESENT THE WHOLE TRUTH.

If we decide a promoter has breached a rule, he may be asked to change the way his promotion is presented or conducted.

If he cannot, or refuses, we ask him to withdraw it completely.

He may also be asked to make sure a disappointed applicant is satisfied.

Nearly all promoters agree to our requests without further argument.

They appreciate that any failure to do so will leave them open to bad publicity.

CAN PROMOTERS STRING US ALONG?

The ASA was not created by law and has no legal powers.

Not unnaturally some people are sceptical about its effectiveness.

In fact, the ASA was set up by the advertising industry to make sure its system of self-control works in the public interest.

For this to be credible the ASA has to be totally independent.

Neither the chairman nor the majority of the ASA Council is allowed to have any involvement in advertising or sales promotion.

Nor can any advertiser have influence over ASA decisions.

Advertisers as a whole accept it is as much in their interests as the public's to keep on the right side of the rules.

If you would like to know more about the ASA and the rules it seeks to enforce for sales promotions, write to us at the address below for an abridged copy of the Code of Sales Promotion Practice.

It will certainly give you a better view of our role in the sales promotion field.

The Advertising Standards Authority

If an advertisement is wrong, we're here to put it right.

ASA Ltd, Dept. S, Brook House,
Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.



WINDS OF CHANGE

In the faintest of early morning light, the new Bentley Turbo R slowly revealed its purpose. » A front air dam that no Bentley before it had ever sported. » The tyres fatter, more obstinate looking; the famous winged badge now tinged with red. » Inside the car, clear analogue instrumentation favoured by the drivers of the earlier sporting saloons from Bentley. » And at 5.00am, nothing but the Bentley Turbo R stirred as the car slipped out of Innsbruck and headed swiftly for the Brenner Pass, Italy and a particularly nasty piece of road: the Sella Pass in the Dolomites. » The road to Zollmat Brenner and the Austro-Italian border is temptingly fast; littered with long swooping bends. At something below 130 miles per hour and 4250rpm, the car dismissed them out of hand. » Startled drivers still half asleep were relegated to fast diminishing positions in the rear view mirror, the low profile tyres and taut suspension on the Turbo R feeding nothing but confidence to the wheel; the new front air dam keeping the nose determinedly down. » In a ridiculously short time, the 6.75 litre turbocharged V8 was urging the car smoothly away from the Italian passport control

towards the Sella, once one of the most nerve-racking sections of the Alpine Rally route. » On a map, the road to the pass is an inch of squiggles; the work of a cartographer caught by some momentary distraction. » In reality, it is even more demented and, as such, a perfect drive for a Bentley Turbo R. » With hairpins piling ever more quickly upon each other, the speed at which they can be taken is limited only by how fast hands can turn a wheel. » Bends coil steeply back on themselves as a feeling grows that the driver, not the car, will be the first to lose grip. » A descending truck swinging wide out of a blind bend proves the point nicely. » The accelerator floors, the Bentley surges forward, flicking right and left, never deviating from the chosen line. » No more dramatic a proof of the car's handling offered itself on the remaining few miles to the top of the pass. » Nor was any needed. But proof of the excellence of the Turbo R is available for your examination.

Please contact Bill Slater on 01-629 4412 for detailed literature and information on test-drives and inspections.



BENTLEY » TURBO » R